GREENES
Neuer too late.

Both parts.

Sent to all youthfull Gentlemen, to roote out the infectious follies, that ouer-reaching conceits foster in the spring time of their youth.

Deciphering in a true English historie, those particuler vanities, that with their frostie vapours nip the blossomes of euery braine, from attayning to his intended perfection.

As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone, apt to race out idlenes with delight, and folie with admonition.

Robt. Greene in artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum.

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BIBLIOTECA BORELIANA

To the Right Worſhipfull Thomas Burnaby, Eſquire: Robert Greene wiſhethIr increaſe of all honorable vertues.

SVch (right Worſhipfull) as coueted to deck the Temple of *Delphos*, adorned the ſhrine eyther with greene bayes, or curious inſtruments, becauſe *Apollo* did as well patronize Muſick as Poetry. When the *Troians* ſought to pacifie the wrath of *Pallas*, the peoples preſents were Bookes and Launces, to ſignifie her Deitie, as well defended by letters as armes. And they which deſired to be in the fauour of *Alexander*, brought him eyther wiſe Phyloſophers or hardy Souldiers: for hee ſought counſellers like *Ariſtotle*, and Captaines like *Perdycas*. Seeing then how gifts are the more gratefully accepted, by how much the more they fit the humor of the party, to gratifie your Worſhip with ſome thing that might ſignifie, howe in all bounden dutie, I haue for ſundry fauours beene affected to your Worſhip, and finding my abilitie to be vnfit to preſent you with any thing of woorth, at laſt I reſolued ſo far to preſume as to trouble your Worſhip with the patronage of this Pamphlet, knowing you are ſuch a *Mecenas* of learning, that you will as ſoone vouch with *Auguſtus* a fewe verſes, giuen by a poore Greeke, as of the Arabian Courſer, preſented by *Tytinius*. The booke is little, yet drawne from a large principle, *Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via*, wherein I haue diſcouered ſo artificially the fraudulent effects of *Venus* trumperies, and ſo plainly as in a platforme, layde open the preiudiciall pleaſures of loue, that Gentlemen may ſee, that as the Diamond is beneficiall to the ſight, and yet deadly poyſon to the ſtomacke, that as the Bacan leafe contayneth both the Antidote, and the Aconiton, ſo loue (vnleſſe onely grounded vpon vertue) breedeth more diſparagement to the credite than content to the fancie. If then (right Worſhipfull) out of this confuſed Chaos Gentlemen ſhall gather any principles, whereby to direct their actions, and that from raſh reſolute maintayners of *Venus* hereſies, they become reformed champions to defende *Veſtaes* phyloſophies. Then all the profit and pleaſure that ſhall redounde to them by this Pamphlet, ſhall be attributed to your Worſhip, as to the man by whoſe meanes this *Nunquam ſera* came to light. Hoping therefore your Worſhip will with a fauourable inſight enter more into the minde of the giuer then the woorth of the gift, I commit your Worſhip vnto the Almighty.

Your Worſhips humbly
to commaund,

Rob. Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

SVch (Gentlemen) as had theyr eares fild with the harmonie of *Orpheus* harpe, coulde not abide the harſhe muſick of *Hiparchions* pipe, yet the *Theſſalians* woulde allowe the poore Fidler licence to frolicke it among Sheepheards. Though no pictures would goe for currant with *Alexander*, but ſuch as paſt through *Apelles* penſill, yet poore men had their houſes ſhadowed with *Phidias* courſe colours. *Ennius* was called a Poet as well as *Virgill*, and *Vulcane* with his polt foote friskt with *Venus* as well as *Mars*.

Gentlemen, if I preſume to preſent you as hetherto I haue done with friuolous toyes: yet for that *I* ſtretch my ſtringes as I can, if you prayſe me not with *Orpheus*, hiſſe me not out with *Hiparchion*. If *I* paint not with *Apelles*, yet ſcrape not out my ſhadowes with diſgrace: if I ſtirre my ſtumps with *Vulcan*, though it bee lamelie done, yet it is a daunce: ſo if my *Nunquam ſera eſt* pleaſe not, yet *I* pray you paſſe it ouer with patience, and ſay tis a booke.

So hoping I ſhall finde you as euer *I* haue done, *I* end.

Rob. Greene.

A Madrigale to wanton Louers.

YOu that by *Alcidalions* ſiluer brooke,
Sit and ſigh out the paſsions of your loues,
That on your Goddeſſe beauties feede your lookes,
And pamper vp ſweet *Venus* wanton doues,
That ſeeke to ſit by *Cupids* ſcorching fire,
And dally in the fountaines of deſire.

You that account no heauen like *Venus* ſpheare,
That thinke each dimple in your Miſtris chin,
Earths Paradice, that deeme her golden haire,
Treſſes of bliſſe wherein to wander in:
That ſigh and court ſuppliant all to proue,
Cupid is God, and theres no heauen but Loue.

Come ſee the worke that *Greene* hath ſlily wrought,
Take but his *Nunquam ſera* in your view,
As in a myrrour there is deeply taught
The wanton vices of proude fancies crew,
There is depainted by moſt curious arte,
How loue and folly iumpe in euery part.

There may you ſee repentance all in blacke,
Scourging the froward paſsions of fond youth,
How fading pleaſures end in diſmall wracke,
How Louers ioyes are tempred all with ruth,
Sith then his *Nunquam ſera* yeeldes ſuch gaines,
Reade it, and thanke the Author for his paines.

Ralph Sidley.

Sæpé etiam hortulanus vir valdè opportuna locutus est.

IF *Horace* Satyres merrite mickle prayſe,
For taunting ſuch as liu'd in *Paphos* Ile,
If wiſe *Propertius* was in elder dayes
Laureat for figuring out fond *Venus* wile:
If Rome applauded *Ouids* pleaſing verſe,
That did the ſalues that medicine loue rehearſe;

Then Engliſh Gentiles ſtoope and gather bayes,
Make coronets of *Floras* prowdeſt flowers,
As gifts for *Greene*, for he muſt haue the prayſe,
And taſte the deawes that high *Parnaſſus* ſhowers,
As hauing leapt beyond old *Horace* ſtraine,
In taunting Louers for theyr fruitleſſe paine.

His *Nunquam ſera* more conceits combines
Than wanton *Ouid* in his arte did paint,
And ſharper Satyres are within his lines,
Than *Martial* ſung proude *Venus* to attaint,
Reade then his arte, and all his actions proue,
There is no folly like to fooliſh loue.

Richard Hake, Gent:

Greenes Nunquam ſera eſt.

BEing reſident in Bergamo, not farre diſtant from Venice, ſitting vnder a cole ſhade that then ſhrowded me from the extreame violence of the meridionall heate, hauing neuer a booke in my hand to beguile time, nor no patheticall impreſſion in my head to procure any ſecrete meditation, I had ſtat fallen into a ſlumber, if I had not eſpied a trauailer wearie & deſolate to haue bended his ſteps towards me. Deſirous to ſhake off drowſineſſe with ſome companie, I attended his arriuall: but as hee drewe neere, hee ſeemed ſo quaint in his attire, and ſo conceited in his countenaunce, as I deemed the man eyther ſome penitent Pilgrim that was very religious, or ſome diſpayring louer that had bene too too affectionate. For thus take his deſcription.

An Ode.

Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Bagge and bottle at his backe,
In a ſurcoate all of gray,
Such weare Palmers on the way,
When with ſcrip and ſtaffe they ſee
Ieſus graue on *Caluarie:*
A hat of ſtraw like a ſwaine,
Shelter for the ſunne and raine,
With a Scollop ſhell before:
Sandals on his feete he wore,
Legs were bare, armes vnclad,
Such attire this Palmer had,
His face fayre, like *Tytans* ſhine,
Gray and buxome were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearles of ſorrow:

Such

Such sweet teares Loue doth borrow,
When in outward deawes she plaines,
Harts distresse that Louers paines:
Rubie lips, cherry cheekes,
Such rare mixture *Venus* seekes,
When to keepe her Damsels quiet
Beauty sets them downe theyr diet:
Adon was not thought more faire.
Curled lockes of amber haire:
Lockes where loue did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazers eyne:
Such a Palmer nere was seene,
Lesse loue himselfe had Palmer beene.
Yet for all he was so quaint
Sorrow did his visage taint.
Midst the riches of his face,
Griefe deciphred high disgrace:
Euery step straind a teare,
Suddaine sighes shewd his feare:
And yet his feare by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight.
That his passions did approue,
VVeedes and sorrow were for loue.

Thus attired in his trauelling roabes, and leueld out in the liniaments of his phisnomie, (not seeing me that lay close in the thicket) he sate him downe vnder a Beech tree, where after hee had taken vp his seate, with a sigh hee beganne thus to paynt out his passions.

Vnfortunate Palmer, whose weedes discouers thy woes, whose lookes thy sorrowes, whose sighes thy repentance: thou wanderest to bewaile thy sin, that heretofore hast not wondred at the greatnes of sin, and seekest now by the sight of a strange land, to satisfie these follies cõmitted in thy natiue home: why, is there more grace in the East then in the west? Is God more gracious in Iewrie, then merciful in England? more fauourable to Palmers for their trauell, then pittifull to sinners for their penance? No, be not so superstitious, least thou measuring his fauour

by

by circumstance, he punish thy faults in seuerity. Ah but the deepest vlcers haue the deepest corasiues, some sores cannot be cured but by *Sublimatum*, and some offences as they begin in content, so they end in sack-cloth: I weare not this Palmers gray to challenge grace, nor sæke the holy Land to counteruaile the Law, nor am a Pilgrime to acquittance sinne with penance: but I content me in this habite to shew the meknes of my hart, & trauell through many Countries to make other men learne to beware by my harmes: for if I come among youth, I will shewe them that the sweet buds are sweet nipt with frosts, the sweetest flowers sorest eaten with Cankers, and the ripest and yongest wits soonest ouerthrowne with follies. If I chance among Courtiers, I wil tell them, that as the starre Artophilax is brightest, yet setteth soonest: so their glories being most gorgeous, are dasht with sodaine ouerthrows. If among Schollers, I will proue that their Philosophicall axioms, their quiddities of Logick, their aphorismes of Art, are dissolued with this definite period, *Omnia sub sole vanitas*. If among Louers (and with this the teares fell from his eyes, and the sighs flew from his hart, as if all should split againe:) If quoth he, (and he doubled his words with an Emphasis) I fall amongst Louers, I will decipher to them that their God is a boy, as fond as he is blind: their Goddes a woman, inconstant, false, flattering, like the winds that rise in the shoares of *Lepanthus*, which in the morning send forth gusts from the North, and in the euening calmes from the West: that their fancies are like April showers, begun in a Sun-shine, and ended in a storme: their passions deepe hell, their pleasures Chimeraes portratures, sodaine ioyes that appearing like Iuno, are nothing when Ixion toucheth them but dusky and fading clouds.

Heere he stopped, and toke his scrip from his backe, and his bottle from his side, and with such cates as he had, as Lemons, Apricocks, and Oliues, he began a Palmers banket, which digesting with a cup of wine well tempred with water, after euery draught he sighed out this, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*. When he had taken his repast, casting vp his eyes to heauen, as being thankfull for his benefits, and sorowfull for his sinnes, falling into a deepe meditation, after he had a while lien

as a man in a traunce, he ſtarted vp ſodainly, and with a halfe ſpeered countenance ſung out this Ode.

The Palmers Ode.

OLd *Menalcas* on a day,
As in field this ſheepheard lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a ſtripe:
Said to *Coridon* that hee
Once was young and full of glee,
Blithe and wanton was I then:
Such deſires follow men.
As I lay and kept my ſheepe,
Came the God that hateth ſleepe,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with Queene *Deſire*:
And with a dart that wounded me,
Pearſt my hart as I did lie:
That when I woke I gan ſweare,
Phillis beauty palme did beare.
Vp I ſtart, forth went I,
With her face to feede mine eye:
There I ſaw *Deſire* ſit,
That my hart with *Loue* had hit,
Laying forth bright *Beauties* hookes
To intrap my gazing lookes.
Loue I did and gan to woe,
Pray and ſigh, all would not doe:
Women when they take the toy
Couet to be counted coy.
Coy was ſhe and I gan court,
She thought *Loue* was but a ſport.
Profound Hell was in my thought,
Such a paine *Deſire* had wrought.
That I ſued with ſighs and teares,
Still ingrate ſhe ſtopt her eares,
Till my youth I had ſpent,

Last a passion of *Repent*,
Told me flat that *Desire*,
Was a brand of *Loues* fire,
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Vertue, youth, wit, and all.
At this sawe back I start,
Beat *Desire* from my hart,
Shooke off *Loue* and made an oath,
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when thus I fled,
Such fond toyes as cloyd my head.
But this I learnd at *Vertues* gate,
The way to God is neuer late.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

As soone as he had ended his Ode, he fell to his old principle *Nunquam sera est*: and confirming it with a sigh, he rose vs, and was ready to depart towards *Bergamo* to take vp his lodging, for the sunne was declining towards the West.

But I desirous to search further into this passiouate Palmer, crost him the way with his salutation: Palmer (for so thy apparel discouers) and penitent, if the inward hart agree with thy outward passions: if my questiõs may not agrauate thy greefe, nor my demand be tedious to thy trauels, let me craue of courtesie whether thou doest bend the end of thy pilgrimage, that if thou beest stept awry, I may direct thee, or if thou knowest the Country, I may wish *boon fortune* to thy iourney, for I haue all my life time coueted to be faithful to my friends, and curteous to strangers. The Palmer (amazed at my sodaine salutation) stept backe and bent his brows, as if he feared some preiudice, or were offended at my presence; but when he saw me weapon lesse, and without company, and yet so affable in words, and *de bonaire* in exterior curtesies, as might import a Gentleman, he deuoutly moued his bonnet of gray, and made this reply.

Gentleman (for no lesse you seeme) if the flower may bee known by smel, or the man by his words; I am a Palmer, discouered by my gray, and penitent, if you note my greefe, which sorrow is as effectuall, as my attire is little counterfeit, the di-

rection of my iourney is not to Ierusalem: for my faith tels me, Christ can deaw as great fauour downe in England as in Iericho: & prayers are not heard for the place, but in the behalfe of the person heartily repentant. My natiue home is England, the end of my iourney is Venice, where I meane to visite an olde friend of mine, an Englishman, to whom I haue bene long time indebted, and now meane partly to repay with such store as I haue bought with hard experience. This night I wil rest in the next village: and thus I hope sir you rest satisfied.

This answer of the Palmer made me the more desirous to enquire into his state, that I entreated him I might be host to such a guest: and seeing I was resident in Bergamo, where that night he meant to harbour, such lodging as a Country gentleman could afford, & such cheare as such a village might on the sodaine yeeld, should be at his commaund.

Well could this Palmer skill of curtesie, and returning me many thanks, voucht of my proffer, and was willing to take my house for his Inne. As we past on the way, we chanced to fall into prattle thus. Sir (quoth I) if I might with many questions not be offensiue, I would faine be inquisitiue to know, as you haue passed along France, Germany, and Rhine, & part of Italy, what you haue noted worthy of memory. Mouing his cap as a man that was passing curteous, he answered thus: I tell you sir (quoth he) as a foolish question merits silence, so a familiar demand craues a friendly reply of duty, although Zeno the Philosopher counted it more honour to be a silent naturallist, then an eloquent Orator. But as I am not a Gimnosophist to iangle at euery Sophisticall obiection: So I am not a feuere Stoicke to answer but by sillables: and therfore thus to your question.

After I had cut from Douer to Calice, I remembred what olde Homer writ of Vlysses, that hee coueted, not onely to see strange Countries, but with a deepe insight to haue a view into the maners of men: so I thought as I passed through Paris not only to please mine eye with the curious Architectur of the building, but with the diuers disposition of the Inhabitants. I found therfore the Court (for I aime first at the fairest) to haue a King sit for so royall a Regiment, if he had been as perfect in

true

true Religion, as pollique in Partiall Discipline: the Courtiers, they as Aristippus fawnd vpon Dyonisius, turning like to the Camelion into the likenes of euery obiect that the king proffered to their humorous conceits, for if the king smiled, euery one in ỹ court was in his iollity, if he frowned, their plumes fell like the Peacocks feathers, so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions. Generally so, but particularly thus: the French Gentlemen are amorous, as some perswaded by the beauty of their mistresse, to make a braule, as for the maintenance of Religion, to enter Armies: their eyes are like Salamander stones, that fire at the sight of euery flame, their hearts as quealle as the Pinerals of Ætna, that burne at the heat of the Sunne, & are quencht with the puffe of euery winde. They count it courtlike to spend their youth in courting of Ladies, and their age in repenting of sinnes, yet more forward in the one, then deuout in the other. They bandy glances vpon euery face, and as though they would apply one euery passion for a principle, they set downe the period with a deepe sigh: yet, as the breath of a man vppon steele no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, so is the beginning and ending of their loues.

Thus much for their Amours. Now for their Armes, they be hardie Souldiers and resolute. For their faith, friendship, religion, or other particular qualities, for ther is a league betwixt vs and them: I wil spare to speake, least in being satyricall, I should plod to farre with Diogenes, or in flattering their faults or their follies, I should clawe a fooles shoulder with Dauus in Terence: skipping therefore from them to the Germans, Nay stay sir (quoth I) before you passe the Alpes, giue mee leaue to hold you an houre still in Lions, for though you be a Palmer and religious, yet I hope such deepe deuotion rested not in you, but an ounce of Venus fauours hung in your eyes, and when you had spent the morning in orisons, you could in the afternoone lend a glance to a faire Lady. The Eagle soares not so high in the ayre, but she can espie a little fishe in the sea: the Sunne in Cancer goes retrograde, the coldest clime hath his summer, & Apollo was neuer so frostall, but *semel in anno*, hee could let fall a smile, and the most sowre Pilgrim or Palmer hath an eye as well as a hart, and a looke to lende to beauty, as a thought to

bend to Theologie: therefore I pray you what thinke you of the French women. At this question, although his grauitie was great, yet with a plesant countenance he made this reply: Although fire is hote as well in the coldest region of the North as in the furthest Southerne paralell, the grasse of the same colour in Egipt as it is in Iewrie, and women wheresoeuer they be bred, be *mala necessaria*, yet though their generall essence bee all one as comming from Eua, and therefore froward, inconstant, light, amorous, deceitfull, and *quid non*, better decyphered by Mantuan, then I can make description of: yet as ẏ Diamonds in India bee more hard then the Cornish stones in England: as the Margarites of the West are more orient then the Pearles of the South: so womens affections are affected after the disposition of the clime wherein they are borne: although Auicen in his Aphorismes sets downe this conclusion, that thornes no where grow without pricks, nor nettles without stinges: but leauing off this preamble, thus to your question. The Women in France generally as concerning ẏ exterior lineaments of their outward perfection, are beautifull, as beeing westernly seated neere great Brittaine, where Nature sittes and hatcheth beautious Paramours; yet although *natura naturans* hath shewed her cunning in their portraitures, as women that think nothing perfect that Arte hath not polished, they haue drugges of Alexandria, minerals of Egypt, waters from Tharsus, paintings from Spaine, and what to doe forsooth? To make them more beautifull then vertuous, and more pleasing in the eies of men then delightfull in the sight of God: this is but their exteriour vanity that blemisheth their inward vertues, if they haue any. But more to their interiour inclination. Some, as if they were votaries vnto Venus, and at their natiuities had no other influence, take no pleasure but in amorous passions, no delight but in madrigals of Loue, wetting Cupids wings with rosewater, and tricking vp his quiuer with sweete perfumes, they set out their faces as Foulers doe their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest, may stoope soonest, and assoone as the poore louing fooles are wrapt within their nets, then they sue with sighes, & plead with Sonnets, faine teares, and paynt out passions to winne her, that seeming to bee coy, comes at the first

lure:

lure: for when they see young nouices intrapt, then the French dames are like to the people Hyperborei, that spurning liquorice with their feete, secretly slake their hunger with the iuyce thereof: so they outwardly seeming to contemne their suiors motions, stand in deadly feare, least they should leaue off their amorous passions: so that they haue loue in their eye-liddes, so slenderly tacked on by fancy, as it drops off with euery dreame, and is shakte off with euery vaine slumber. Some of them are as Sapho was, subtile to allure, and slippery to deceiue, hauing their hearts made of waxe ready to receiue euery impression, not content till they haue as many louers as their hearts haue entrances for loue, and those are like to pumice stones that are light and full of holes. Some are as inconstant as Cressida, that be Troylus neuer so true, yet, out of sight out of mind: and as soone as Diomede begins to court, she like Venetian traffique is for his penny, currant *á currendo*, sterling coyne passable from man to man in way of exchange. Others are as Lidia, cruell, whose harts are hammered in the forge of pride thinking themselues too good for all, and none woorthy of them, and yet oft times nestling all day in the Sunne with the Bætle, are at night contented with a cowherd for shelter. These haue eyes of Basiliskes, that are preiudiciall to euery obiect, and hearts of Adamant not any way to be pierced: and yet I thinke, not dying maides, nor leading Apes in hell: for Vestaes sacrifice ceased long since in Rome, & virgins are as rare as black Swans: opportunity is a sore plea in Venus court, able, I tell you, to ouerthrow the coyest she that is. I could inferre more particular instances, and distinguish more at large of the French Gentlewomen: but let mee leaue them to their humorous vanities, & resolue our selues, that Ireland dooth not onely bring foorth Wolues, nor Egipt Crocodiles, nor Barbarie Leopardes, nor France such qualified women: but as the earth yeelds weeds as well in the lowest valleyes, as in the highest mountaines: so women are vniuersally *mala necessaria*, wheresoeuer they be eyther bred or brought vp. With this conclusiue period hee breathed him: and I could not but smile to see the Palmer shake his head at the fondnesse of women, as a man that had beene galled with their ingratitude. Well, after hee pausèd a little, hee left

France,

France, and beganne to talke of Germany, and that was thus: After I had left Lions, I passed by the Alpes, and coasted into Germany, where, as I found the countrey seated vnder a colde clime, so I perceiued the people high minded, & fuller of wordes then of courtesie, giuen more to drinke then to deuotion: & yet sundry places stuffed with Schismes and heresies, as people that delight to bee factious: there might you see their interiour vanities more then their outward apparell did import, and oft times their vaunts more then their manhood: for loue, as I saw Venus of no great account, yet shee had there a Temple, and though they did not beautifie it with Iewels, they plainly powred foorth such Orisons as did bewray, though they coulde not court it as the French did with Arte, yet their lust was no lesse, nor their liues more honest. Because the people were little affable, I grew not so farre inquisitiue into their manners and customes, but *sicco pede* past them ouer, so that I trauailed vp as farre as Vienna, where I saw a thing worthy of memory. In a valley betweene two high mountaines topt with trees of meruelous verdure, whereby ran a fountaine pleasant, as well for the murmure of the streames, as for the sweetnesse of waters, there was situated a little Lodge artificially built, and at the doore, a man of very great grauitie and no lesse age, sate leaning vpon his staffe, so to take the benefite of the ayre and the sunne, his hayres were as white as the threeds of silke in Arabia, or as the Palme trees on the mount of Libanus: many yeeres had made furrowes in his face, where experience sate and seemed to tell forth Oracles: deuotion appeared in his habite, and his outward cloth discouered his inward hart, that the olde Hermite seemed in the world a resolute despiser of the world. Standing a while and wondring at this old man, at last all reuerence done that his yeares did require, or my youth was bound vnto, after salutations I questioned him of the order of his life: who answered me with such curtesie and humilitie, as I perceiued in his words the perfect Idea of a mortified men. After sundry questions broken with *pro & contra*, at last he toke me by the hand and carried mee into his Cell, where I found not those Vtensilia, which Tully sayes are necessary to be in euery Cottage, but I found bookes and that of Theologie: a drinking cup, & that was

full

full of water: a dead mans ſkull, an houre glaſſe, and a Bible: thus only was his houſe garniſhed. After hee had ſate downe a little, he loked me very earneſtly in the face, as a man that had ſome ſkil in phiſiognomie, to cenſure of the inward qualities by the outward appearance, at laſt in rough high Dutch verſes hee thus breathed out his opinion, which I drew thus into blancke verſe.

The Hermites Exordium.

Heere looke my ſonne for no vaine-glorious ſhewes
Of royall apparition for the eye,
Humble and meeke befitteth men of yeeres,
Behold my Cell built in a ſilent ſhade,
Holding content for pouerty and peace.
And in my lodge is fealty and faith,
Labour and loue vnited in one league.
I want not, for my minde affordeth wealth:
I know not enuy, for I clime not hie:
Thus doe I liue, and thus I meane to die.

Then he ſtept to his ſhelfe, and takes downe a Deaths head, whereon loking as a man that meditated vpon ſome deep matter, he ſhooke his head, and the teares ſtanding in his eyes, hee proſecuted his matter thus,

If that the world preſents illuſions,
Or ſathan ſeekes to puffe me vp with pompe,
As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:
Then ſee my ſonne where I haue in my Cell,
A dead mans skull, which calls this ſtraight to mind,
That as this is, ſo muſt my ending be.
When then I ſee that earth to earth muſt paſſe,
I ſigh, and ſay, all fleſh is like to graſſe.

After he had thus explained the reaſon why he kept the dead mans ſkull in his Cell, he reacht to his houre glaſſe, and vpon that he began thus to deſcant.

If care to liue, or ſweet delight in life,
As man deſires to ſee out many dayes,

Drawes me to liſten to the flattering world,
Then ſee my glaſſe which ſwiftly out doth runne,
Comparde to man, who dies ere he begins.
This tels me, time ſlacks not his poaſting courſe,
But as the glaſſe runnes out with euery houre,
Some in their youth, ſome in their weakeſt age,
All ſure to die, but no man knowes his time.
By this I thinke, howe vaine a thing is man,
Whoſe longeſt life is likened to a ſpan.

Laſtly, he toke his Bible in his hand, whereupon leaning his arme, he amplified thus,

When ſathan ſeekes to ſift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to giue a fierce aſſault,
To make a ſhipwracke of my faith with feares,
Then armde at all points to withſtand the foe
With holy armour: heres the martiall ſword:
This booke, this bible, this two-edged blade,
Whoſe ſweete content pierceth the gates of hell:
Decyphering lawes and diſcipline of warre,
To ouerthrow the ſtrength of ſathans iarre.

Thus the Hermite diſcouered to me the ſecrets of his Cell: and after, that I ſhould be priuie to all his pathetical conceits, he brought forth a few rootes, and ſuch ſimple diet as he had, to confirme that he tyed Nature euery way within her limites: wondring at the methode he vſed in his Cell, after I had taken my repaſt with him, as we met courteouſly, we parted friendly, he with exhortations to beware of youths follies, I with thankes and reuerence to his aged yeares, for his graue and fatherly perſwaſion: ſo I went from his Cell to Vienna, & from thence coaſted vp into the borders of Italie.

The Palmer had ſcarce named Italy, but we were come to my houſe, where I gaue him ſuch entertainement as either the abilitie of my ſubſtance, the plenty of the country, or the ſhortneſſe of the time could affoord: and becauſe I would euery way grace him, I brought downe my wife to giue him a royall welcome, a fauour ſeldome ſhewed in Italie: yet becauſe he was a

Palmer,

Palmer, and his profession valued beautie at a light price, I did him that grace. To be short, at last we sate down to supper, and there past the time with such pleasing chat, as the pleasant Palmer pleased to conferre vpon. Supper done, I desired the Palmer to discourse (if it were not offensiue) what reason moued him to direct his pilgrimage onely to Venice? Raising himselfe vp with a smiling countenance, he made this reply.

Courteous Gentleman, for so much your affable and liberal disposition doth approue, Iupiter when he was entertained by poore Baucis, accounted ingratitude so heynous, as he turned their Cottage to a Temple, and made them sacrificers at his Altars: Hospitalitie is so precious, as no price may valne. Then if I should not grant any lawfull demand, I might seeme as little pliant to humanitie, as you lyable to courtesie: and therefore if the Gentlewoman your wife and you will sit vp to heare the discourses of a traueller, I will first rehearse you an English History acted and euented in my countrey of England: but for that the Gentleman is yet liuing, I will shadowe his name, although I manifest his follies, and when I haue made relation, I will shewe why I directed the course of my Pilgrimage onely to Venice. My wife by her countenaunce seemed to be meruailous content, and my selfe kept silence. Whereupon the Palmer began as followeth.

The Palmers Tale.

IN those dayes when Palmerin raigned King of great Britaine, famoused for his deedes of Chiualry, there dwelled in the Cittie of Caerbrancke, a Gentleman of an auncient house, called Francesco, a man whose Parentage though it were Worshipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth: in so much that his learning was better then his reuenewes, & his wit more beneficiall then his substance. This Signior Francesco, desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable Porte, spread no more cloth in the wind than might make easie sayle, lest hoysting vp too sodainely aboue the maine yard, some sodaine gust might make him founder in the deep. Though

he were yong, yet he was not rash with Icarus to soare into the skie, but to cry out with olde Dedalus, *Medium tenere tutissimum:* treading his shooe without any slippe. He was so generally loued of the Cittizens, that the richest Merchant or graues Burghmaster would not refuse to graunt him his daughter in mariage, hoping more of his insuing fortunes, then of his present substance. At last, casting his eye on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbranck, he fell in loue, and prosecuted his suite with such affable courtesie, as the maide considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set vp her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might bee at the knitting vp of the match. Francisco thinking himselfe cocksure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Cittie might carry away more then a country gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunity, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters mariage. The old churle that listned with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in vtramuis aurem dormire:* but leaning on his elbow, made present answere, that her dowrie required a greater feofment thē his lands were able to afford. And vpon that without further debating of the matter, he rose vp and hied him home, whether as soone as he came, he called his daughter before him, whose name was *Isabell*, to whom hee vttered these words. Why huswife (quoth hee) are you so idle tasked, that you stand vpon thornes vntill you haue a husband? are you no sooner hatched with the Lapwing, but you wil runne away with the shel on your head? Soone pricks the tree that will proue a thorne, and a girle that loues too soone wil repent too late. What a husband? why the maids in Rome durst not looke at Venus Temple till they were thirtie, nor went they vnmasked till they were married, that neither their beauties might allure other, nor they glance their eyes on euerie wanton. I tell thee fond girle, when Nilus ouerfloweth before his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: the trees that blossome in February, are nipped with the frosts in May, vntimely fruits had neuer good fortune, and young Gentlewomen that are wooed and won ere they be wise, sorrow and repent before they bee olde. What sest thou in Francisco, that thine eye must choose, and thy hart must fancie? Is he beautifull? why

fond girle, what the eye liketh at morne, it hateth at night: loue is like a bauen, but a blaze: and beauty, why how can I better compare it than to the gorgeous Cedar, that is onely for shew & nothing for profit: to the Apples of Tantalus, that are precious in the eye, & dust in the hande: to the starre Artophilax, that is most bright, but sitteth not for any compasse: so yong men that stand vpon their outward portrature, I tell thee they are preiudiciall: Demophoon was fayre, but how dealt he with Phillis? Æneas was a braue man but a dissembler: fond girle, all but little worth if they be not wealthy. And I pray thee, what substance hath Francesco to endue thee with? Hast thou not heard that want breakes amity, that loue beginneth in gold, and endeth in beggery: that such as marry but to a faire face, tie themselues oft to a foule bargaine? And what wilt thou doe with a husband that is not able to maintaine thee? Buy forsoth a dram of pleasure with a pound of sorrow, and a pint of content with a whole tunne of preiudiciall displeasures? But why do I cast stones into the ayre, or breath my words into the wind: when to perswade a woman from her will is to roule Sisiphus stone: or to tie a headstrong girle from loue, is to tie the Furies again in fetters. Therfore huswife, to preuent all misfortunes, I wil be your Jaylor. And with that he carried her in and shut her vp in his owne chamber, not giuing her leaue to depart but when his key gaue her licence: yet at last shee so cunningly dissembled, that she gat thus farre liberty, not to be close prisoner, but to walk about the house: yet euery night he shut vp her clothes, that no nightly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers.

Where leauing her, let vs returne to Francesco, who to his sorrow heard of all these hard fortunes: and being pensiue was full of many passions, but almost in despayre, as a man that durst not come nigh her fathers doore, nor send any letters wher by to comfort his Mistresse, or to lay any plot of her liberty: for no sooner any stranger came thether, but he suspitious they cam from Francesco, first sent vp his daughter into her Chamber, then as watchfull as Argus with all his eyes, hee pryed into euery particular gesture and behauiour of the partie: and if any iealous humor toke him in the head, hee would not onely be ve-

rie inquiſitiue with cutting queſtions, but would ſtraine courteſies and ſearch them very narrowly, whether they had any letters or no to his daughter Iſabel.

This narrow inquiſition made the poore gentleman almoſt frantick, that hee turned ouer *Anacreon, Ouid de Arte amandi*, and al bookes that might teach him any ſleights of loue: but for all their principles, his owne wit ſerued him for the beſt ſhift, and that was happily begun and fortunately ended thus. It chanced that as he walked thus in his muſes, ſetching the compaſſe of his conceit beyond the Mone, he met with a poore woman, that from doore to doore ſought her liuing by charitie. The woman as her cuſtome was, began her *exordium* with I pray god Maiſter, and ſo forth, hoping to find the Gentleman as liberal, as he was full of gracious fauours: neither did ſhe miſſe of her imagination, for he that thought her likely to be drawne on to the executing of his purpoſe, conceited thus, that gold was as good as glewe to knit her to any practiſe whatſoeuer, and therefore out with his purſe, and clapt her in the hande with a French-crowne. This vnaccuſtomed reward made her more francke of curteſies, that euery rag reacht the Gentleman a reuerence with promiſe of many prayers for his health. He that harped on another ſtring toke the woman by the hand, and ſitting down vpon the greene graſſe, diſcourſt vnto her from point to point the beginning and ſequel of his loues, and howe by no meanes (except by her) hee could conuay any letter. The begger deſirous to doo the Gentleman any pleaſure, ſayd ſhee was ready to take any paines that might redound to his content. Whereupon he replied thus: Then Mother thou ſhalt goe to yonder Abby which is her fathers houſe, and when thou comeſt thither vſe thy wonted eloquence to intreate for thine alms: if the maſter of the houſe be preſent, ſhew thy paſport, and ſeeme very paſſionate: but if hee be abſent or out of the way, then, oh then mother looke about if thou ſeeſt Diana maſking in ỹ ſhape of a virgine, if thou ſpieſt Venus, nay one more beautifull then loues goddeſſe, & I tell thee ſhe is my loue, faire Iſabel, whom thou ſhalt diſcerne from her other ſiſter thus: her viſage is faire, containing as great reſemblance of vertue as lineaments of beautie, and yet I tell thee ſhe is ful of fauour, whether thou reſpects

ſpects the outward portrature or inward perfection: her eye like the Diamond, and ſo pointed that it pearceth to the quicke, yet ſo chaſt in the motion as therein is ſæne as in a myrrour, courteſie tempred with a vertuous diſdaine: her countenance is the very map of modeſtie, & to giue thee a more nære marke, if thou findeſt her in the way, thou ſhalt ſée her more liberall to beſtow, than thou pittiful to demaund: her name is Iſabel: to her from me ſhalt thou carry a letter, foulded by euery way like a paſport, with a greaſie backſide, & a great ſeale. If cunninglie and cloſely thou canſt thus conuey vnto her the tenour of my mind, when thou bringeſt vnto mée an anſwere, I will giue thee a brace of Angels. The poore woman was glad of this proffer, & thereupon promiſed to venture a iornt, but ſhée woulde further him in his loues: whereupon ſhée followed him to his chamber, and the whiles he writ a letter to this effect.

Segnior Franceſco to faire Iſabel.

WHen I note faire *Iſabel* the extremity of thy fortunes, and meaſure of the paſſions of my loue, I finde that Venus hath made thee conſtant to requite my miſeries, and that where the greateſt onſette is giuen by Fortune, there is ſtrongeſt defence made by affection: for I heard that thy father ſuſpitious, or rather iealous of our late vnited ſimpathie, doth watch like Argus ouer Io, not ſuffering thée to paſſe beyonde the reach of his eye, vnleſſe (as hée thinks) thou ſhouldſt ouerreach thy ſelfe. His minde is like the Tapers in Ianus Temple, that ſette once on fire, burne till they conſume themſelues: his thoughts like the Sunne beames, that ſearch euery ſecret. Thus watching thée, he ouerwaketh himſelfe, and yet (I hope) profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Ætna, which baniſh out of their ſight in ſmoake.

I haue heard them ſay (faire *Iſabel*) that as the Diamonds are tried by cutting of glaſſe, the Topace by byding the force of the anuile, the Sethin Wood by the hardneſſe, ſo Womens excellence is diſcouered in their conſtancie. Then if the period of all their vertues conſiſt in this, that they take in loue by moneths, and let it ſlip by minutes, that as the Tortoiſe they creepe

pedeten-

pedetentim, and when they come to their reſt, will hardly be remoued. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loues the very pattern of feminine loyaltie, hauing no motion in thy thoughts, but fancie, and no affection, but to thy Franceſco. In that I am ſtopped from thy ſight, I am depriued of the cheeſeſt Organ of my life, hauing no ſence in my life perfect, in that I want the viewe of thy perfection, ready with ſorrow to periſh in deſpaire, if reſolued of thy conſtancie, I did not triumph in hope. Therefore now reſts it in thee to ſalue all theſe ſores, and prouide medicines for theſe dangerous maladies, that our paſſions appeaſed, we may end our harmony in the faithfull vnion of two harts. Thou ſeeſt loue hath his ſhifts, and Venus quiddities are moſt ſubtile ſophiſtry, that he which is touched with beauty, is euer in league with opportunity: theſe principles are proued by the meſſenger, whoſe ſtate diſcouers my reſtleſſe thoughts, impatient of any longer repulſe. I haue therefore ſought to ouermatch thy father in pollicie, as he ouerſtraines vs in iealouſie, and ſeeing he ſeekes it, to let him find a knot in a ruſh: as therefore I haue ſent thee the ſumme of my paſſions in the forme of a paſport, ſo returne me a reply wrapt in the ſame paper, that as wee are forced to couer our deceits in one ſhift, ſo hereafter we may vnite our loues in one ſimpathy: Appoint what I ſhall do to compaſſe a priuate conference. Thinke I will account of the ſeas as Leander: of the Warres as Troylus: of all daungers as a man reſolued to attempt any perril, or breake any preiudice for thy ſake. Say, when, and where I ſhall meete thee, and ſo as I begun paſſionately, I breake off abruptly. Farewell.

Thine in fatall reſolution,
Seigneur Franceſco.

AFter he had written the letter, and diſpatcht the meſſenger: her minde was ſo fixed on the brace of Angels, that ſhee ſtirred her old ſtumps till ſhe came to the houſe of Seigneur Fregoſo, who at that inſtant was walkt abroad to take viewe of his paſtures. Shee no ſooner began her method of begging with a ſolemne prayer, and a *pater noſter*. But Iſabel, whoſe deuotion

was

was euer bent to pitty the poore, came to the doore, to see the necessity of the party, who began to salute her thus. Faire Mistris, whose vertues excéde your beauties, and yet I doubt not but you béeme your perfection equivalent with the rarest paragons in Brittaine, as your eye receaues the obiect of my misery, so let your hart haue an inkhyt into my extreamities, who once was young, and then fauoured by fortune, now old and crossed by the destinies, driuen when I am weakest to the wall, and when I am worst able, forst to hold the candle. Séeing then the faults of my youth haue forst the fall of mine age, and I am driuen in the winter of my yeares to abide the brunt of all stormes, let the plenty of your youth pitty the want of my decrepit state: and the rather, because my fortune was once as high as my fall is now lowe: for proofe, sweet Mistris, see my passport, wherin you shal finde my passions & much patience: at which period, making a courtesie, her very rags séemed to giue Isabel reuerence. She hearing the beggar insinuate with such a sensible preamble, thought the woman had had some good parts in her, & therefore toke her certificate: which as sone as she had opened, and that she perceaued it was Francescoes hand, she smiled, and yet bewrayed a passion with a blush. So that stepping from the woman, she went into her chamber, where she reade it ouer with such pathetical impressions, as euery motion was intangled with a dilemma: for on the one side, the loue of Francesco grounded more on his interiour vertues, then his exteriour beauties, gaue such fierce assaults to the bulwarke of her affection, as the fort was ready to be yelded vp, but that the feare of her Fathers displeasure armed with the instigations of nature, driue her to meditate thus with her selfe.

Now Isabel, Loue and Fortune hath brought thée into a labyrinth, thy thoughts are like Ianus pictures, that présent both peace and warre, and thy mind like Venus Anuile, whereon is hammered both Feare and Hope. Sith then the chance lieth in thine owne choice, doe not with Medea sée & allow of the best, and then follow the worst: but of two extreames, if they be *Immediata*, chose that may haue least préiudice and most profite. Thy Father is aged, and wise, and many yeares hath taught him much experience. The olde Fore is more subtile then the

young Cub, the Bucke more skilfull to chuse his foode than the young Fawnes. Men of age feare and fore-see that which youth leapeth at with repentance. If then his graue wisdom exceedes thy greene wit, and his ripened fruits thy sprouting blossomes, think if he speake for thy auaile, as his principles are perfect, so they are grounded on Loue and Nature. It is a neere collop, sayes he, is cut out of the owne flesh, and the stay of thy fortunes is the staffe of his life: no doubt hee sees with a more piercing iudgement into the life of *Francesco*: for thou ouercome with fancie, censurest of all his actions with partiality. *Francesco*, though he be young and beautifull, yet his reuenewes are not answerable to his fauours: the Cedar is faire, but vnfruitfull, the Volgo a bright streame, but without fish: men couet rather to plant the Olive for profit, than the Alder for beauty, and young Gentlewomen should rather fancy to liue, than affect to lust: for loue without lands, is like to a fire without fewel, that for a while sheweth a bright blaze, and in a moment dieth in his owne cinders. Doest thou think this Isabel, that thine eye may not surfet so with beauty, that the minde shall vomit vp repentance: yes, for the fayrest Roses haue prickes, the purest Lawns their moles, the brightest Diamonds their crackes, and the most beautiful men of the most imperfect conditions, for nature hauing care to pollish the body so fayre, ouerwænes herselfe in her excellency, that she leaues their minds vnperfect. Whether now Isabel, into absurd Aphorismes? What can thy father perswade thee to this, that the most glorious shels haue not the most orient margarites, that the purest flowers haue not the most perfect sauours, that men, as they excel in proportion of body, so they exceede in perfection of mind? Is not nature both curious and absolute, hiding the most vertuous minds in the most beautifull couertures. Why, what of this fond girle? Suppose these premises be granted, yet they infer no conclusion: for, suppose hee be beautifull and vertuous, and his wit is equall with his parentage, yet he wants wealth to maintaine Loue, and therefore saies old *Fregoso* not worthy of Isabels loue. Shall I then tie my affection to his Lands or to his lineaments? To his riches, or his qualities? Are Venus altars to be filled with golde or loyalty of harts? Is the simpathy of Cupids consistory united

in

in the abundance of coyne: Or the absolute perfection of constancy? Ah Isabel, think this, that loue bryketh no exception of want, that where Fancy displayes her colours, there alwaies either Plenty keps her court, or else Patience so tempers euery extreame, that all defects are supplied with content. Vpon this, as hauing a farther reach, and a deper insight, she stept hastily to her standish, and writ him this answer.

Isabel to *Francesco* health.

ALthough the nature of a Father, and the duetie of a childe might moue me resolutely to reiect thy letters, yet I receiue them, for that thou art *Francesco*, and I Isabel, who were once priuate in affection, as now we are distant in places. But know, my Father, whose command to me is a law of constraint sets downe this censure, that loue without wealth, is like to a Cedar tree without fruite, or to corne sowne in the sandes, that withereth for want of moysture: and I haue reason *Francesco* to deme of snow by the whitenes, and of trees by the blossoms. The olde man whose wordes are Oracles, tells me that loue that entereth in a moment, flyeth out in a minute, that mens affections are like the deawe vpon a Christall, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off: their eyes with euery glance make a new choice, and euery looke can commaund a sigh, hauing their harts like Saltpeter, that fireth at the first, and yet proueth but a flash, their thoughts reaching as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that breake with euery blast: had Carthage bene bereft of so famous a Virago: if the Troian had bene as constant as he was comely: Had the Queene of Poetry bene pinched with so many passions, if the wanton Ferriman had bene as faithfull as he was faire. No *Francesco*, and therefore seeing the brightest blossomes are pestered with most Caterpillers, the sweetest Roses with the sharpest prickes, the fairest Cambrickes with the foulest staines, and men with the best proportion, haue commonly least perfection. I may feare to swallow the hooke, least I finde more bane in the confection, than pleasure in the baite. But heere let me breath, and with sighs foresee mine owne folly. Women, poore soules, are like to the Harts in Calabria, that knowing Dictannum to be

deadly, yet browse on it with greedines: resembling the Fish Mugra, that seing the hooke bare, yet swallows it with delight, so women foresee, yet do not prevent, knowing what is profitable, yet not eschewing the prejudice: So Francesco, I see thy beauties, I know thy want, and I feare thy vanities, yet can I not but allow of all, were they the worst of all, because I finde in my mind this principle, in Love is no lacke. What should I Francesco court to dally with the mouse when the Cat stands by, or fill my letter ful of needles ambages when my father like Argus setteth a hundred eyes to ouer-spy my actions, while I am writing thy messenger stands at the doore praying. Therefore least I should hold her too long in her Orisons, or keep the poore man too long in suspence: Thus briefely, be vpon Thursday next at night hard by the Orchard vnder the greatest Oak, where expect my comming, prouide for our safe passage: for stode all the world on the one side, and thou on the other, Francesco should be my guide to direct me whither he pleased. Faile not then, vnlesse thou be false to her that would haue life faile, ere she falsifie faith to thee.

Not her owne, because thine, *Isabel.*

As soone as she had dispatcht her letter, she came downe, and deliuered the letter in forme of a Passport to the messenger, giuing her after her accustomed manner an almes, and closely clapt her in the fist with a brace of angels. The woman thanking her good Master, and her good Mistris, giuing the house her benison, hied her back againe to Francesco, whom she found sitting solitary in his Chamber: no sooner did hee espie her, but flinging out of his chaire, he changed colour as a man in a doubtfull extasie what should betide: yet conceiuing good hope by her countenance, who smiled more at the remembrance of her reward then at any other conceite, he tooke the letter and read it, wherein he found his humor so fitted, that he not onely thanked the messenger, but gaue her all the money in his purse, so that she returned so highly gratified, as neuer afterward shee was found to exercise her old occupation. But leauing her to the hope of her huswifry, againe to Francesco, who seeing the constant affection of his Mistris, that neither the sowre lookes of her father,

ther, nor his hard threats could affright her, to make change of her fancy, that no disaster fortune could drive her to make shipwrack of her fired affection, that the blustring stormes of aduersity might assault, but not sacke the fort of her constant resolution, he fell into this pleasing passion: Women (quoth he) why as they are heauens wealth, so they are earths miracles, framed by nature to despight beauty, adorned with the singularity of proportion, to shrowd the excellence of all perfection, as far exceeding men in vertues as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualities, as they are: like to Gods in perfectnes, being purer in mind than in mould, and yet made of the purity of man: iust they are, as giuing loue her due: constant, as holding loialty more precious then life: as hardly to be drawne from united affection, as the Salamanders from the cauernes of Ætna. Tush (quoth Francesco) what should I say they be women? and therefore the continents of all excellence. In this pleasant humor he passed away the time, not slacking his business for prouision against Thursday at night: to the care of which affaires let vs leaue him and returne to Isabel, who after shee had sent her letter fell into a dump, entring into the considerations of mens constancy, and of the ficklenes of their fancies, but all these meditations did serue to no effect: whereupon sitting downe, she take her Lute in her hand, and sung this Ode.

Isabels Ode.

SItting by a Riuers side,
Where a silent streame did glide,
Banckt about with choyce of flowers,
Such as spring from April showers.
When faire *Iris* smiling shewes
All her riches in her deawes,
Thick leaued trees so were planted,
As nor Art nor nature wanted,
Bordering all the brooke with shade,
As if *Venus* there had made
By *Floraes* wile a curious bowre,
To dally with her paramoure.

At this current as I gazde,
Eyes intrapt, mind amazde,
I might ſee in my ken,
Such a flame as breth men,
Such a fire as doth frie,
With one blaze both hart and eye,
Such a heate as doth proue
No heate like to the heate of loue.
Bright ſhe was, for twas a ſhe,
That trac'd her ſteps towards me:
On her head ſhe ware a bay,
To fence *Phœbus* light away:
In her face one might deſcry
The curious beauty of the skye,
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feathered all with ſwift deſire:
Yet forth theſe fiery darts did paſſe
Pearled teares as bright as glaſſe,
That wonder twas in her eyne
Fire and water ſhould combine:
If th'old ſaw did not borrow,
Fire is loue, and water ſorrow:
Downe ſhe ſate pale and ſad,
No mirth in her lookes ſhe had,
Face and eyes ſhewd diſtreſſe,
Inward ſighs diſcourſt no leſſe:
Head on hand might I ſee
Elbow leaned on her knee,
Laſt ſhe breathed out this ſaw,
Oh that loue hath no law.
Loue inforceth with conſtraint,
Loue delighteth in complaint.
Who ſo loues hates his life:
For loues peace is minds ſtrife.
Loue doth feede on beauties fare,
Euery diſh ſawſt with care:
Chiefely women, reaſon why,
Loue is hatcht in their eye:

Thence it ſteppeth to the hart,
There it poyſoneth euery part:
Minde and hart, eye and thought,
Till ſweet loue their woes hath wrought.
Then repentant they gan cry,
Oh my hart that trowed mine eye.
Thus ſhe ſaid, and then ſhe roſe,
Face and minde both full of woes:
Flinging thence with this ſaw,
Fie on loue that hath no law.

Hauing finiſhed her Ode, ſhe heard that her Father was come in, and therfore leaning her amorous inſtruments, ſhe fell to her labour, to confirme the old prouerb in her fathers iealous heade, *Otia ſi tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus:* but as warie as ſhe was, yet the old Goſe could ſpie the gosling winke, and would not by any meanes truſt her, but vſed his accuſtomed manner of reſtraint: yet, as it is impoſſible for the ſmoake to be concealed, or fire to be ſuppreſſed: ſo Fregoſo could by no ſubtile drifts ſo warily watch his tranſformed Io, but ſhe found a Mercurie to releaſe her. For vpon the Thurſday lying in her bedde with little intent to ſlæpe, ſhe offered many ſighes to Venus that ſhe would be Directreſſe to Morpheus y ſome deade ſlumber might poſſeſſe all the houſe: which fell out accordingly, ſo that at midnight ſhe roſe vp, and finding her apparel ſhut vp, ſhe was faine to goe without hoſe, onely in her ſmock and her peticoate with her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night geare, ſhe marcheth downe ſoftly, where ſhe found Franceſco ready with a priuate and familiar friende of his to watch her comming forth, who caſting his eye aſide, and ſeing one in a hat and a cloake, ſuſpecting ſome treachery, drewe his ſword: at which Iſabel ſmiling, ſhe incountred him thus.

Gentle ſir, if you be as valiant as you ſeeme cholericke, or as martiall as you would be thought hardie, ſet not vpon a weaponleſſe woman, leaſt in thinking to triumph in ſo mean a conqueſt, you be preiudized with the taint of cowardiſe. Twas neuer yet read, that warlike Mars drewe his Fawchion againſt lonely Venus, were her offence neuer ſo great, or his choller

neuer

At this current as I gazde,
Eyes inrapt, mind amazde,
I might see in my ken,
Such a flame as heth men,
Such a fire as doth frie,
With one blaze both hart and eye,
Such a heate as doth proue
No heate like to the heate of loue.
Bright she was, for twas a she,
That trac'd her steps towards me:
On her head she ware a bay,
To fence *Phœbus* light away:
In her face one might descry
The curious beauty of the skye,
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feathered all with swift desire:
Yet forth these fiery darts did passe
Pearled teares as bright as glasse,
That wonder twas in her eyne
Fire and water should combine:
If th'old saw did not borrow,
Fire is loue, and water sorrow:
Downe she sate pale and sad,
No mirth in her lookes she had,
Face and eyes shewd distresse,
Inward sighs discourst no lesse:
Head on hand might I see
Elbow leaned on her knee,
Last she breathed out this saw,
Oh that loue hath no law.
Loue inforceth with constraint,
Loue delighteth in complaint.
Who so loues hates his life:
For loues peace is minds strife.
Loue doth feede on beauties fare,
Euery dish swest with care:
Chiefely women, reason why,
Loue is hatcht in their eye:

Thence it steppeth to the hart,
There it poysoneth euery part:
Minde and hart, eye and thought,
Till sweet loue their woes hath wrought
Then repentant they gan cry,
Oh my hart that trowed mine eye.
Thus she said, and then she rose,
Face and minde both full of woes:
Flinging thence with this saw,
Fie on loue that hath no law.

Hauing finished her Ode, shee heard that her Father was come in, and therfore leauing her amorous instruments, she fell to her labour, to confirme the old prouerb in her fathers iealous heade, *Otia stellas, periere Cupidinis arcus*: but as warie as shee was, yet the old Owle could spie the gosling winke, and would not by any meanes trust her, but vsed his accustomed manner of restraint: yet, as it is impossible for the smoake to be concealed, or fire to be suppressed: so Fregoso could by no subtile drifts so warily watch his trans-formed Io, but she found a Mercurie to release her. For vpon the Thursday lying in her bedde with little intent to sleepe, she offered many sighes to Venus that shee would be Dyatresse to Morpheus y some deade slumber might possesse all the house: which fell out accordingly, so that at midnight she rose vp, and finding her apparel shut vp, she was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smock and her peticoate with her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night geare, shee marcheth downe softly, where she found Francesco ready with a priuate and familiar friende of his to watch her comming forth, whereat his eye aside, and seeing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treachery, drewe his sword: at which Isabel smiling, she incountred him thus.

Gentle sir, if you be as valiant as you seeme cholericke, or as martiall as you would be thought hardie, set not vpon a weaponlesse woman, least in thinking to triumph in so mean a conquest, you be preuented with the taint of cowardise. It was neuer yet read, that warlike Mars drewe his Fawchion against louely Venus, were her offence neuer so great, or his choller

neuer

neuer so much. Therfore Gentleman, if you be the man I take you, Isabels Francesco, leaue off your armes and fall to amours, and let your parley in them be as short, as the night is silent, and the time dangerous. Francesco, seeing it was the Paramor of his affections, let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, ready to fall in a swound by a suddaine extasie of ioy: at last recouering his sences, he encountred her thus.

Faire *Isabel*, Natures ouermatch in beauty, as you are Dianaes superiour in vertue: at the sight of this attire, I drewe my sword, as fearing some priuy foe: but as soone as ỳ view of your perfection glanced as an obiect to mine eye, I let fal mine armes, trembling as Acteon did, that hee had dared to farre in gazing against so gorgeous a Goddesse: yet readie in the defence of your sweet selfe, and rather then I would lose so rich a prize, not only to take vp my weapons, but to encounter hand to hand with the stoutest champion in the world. Sir (quoth she) these protestations are now bootelesse: and therefore to briefe, thus (and with that the teares trickled down the vermilion of her cheeks, and she blubbred out this passion:) O Francesco, thou mayst see by my attire the depth of my fancie, and in these homely roabes mayst thou note the ratchlesnesse of my fortunes, that for thy loue haue strained a note too high in loue. I offend Nature as repugnant to my Father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to please thee: I haue giuen a finall farewell to my friendes, to be thy familiar: I haue left all hope of preferment, to confirme the simpathie of both our desires: Ah Francesco, see I come thus poore in apparell, to make thee rich in content. Now, if hereafter (oh let me sigh at that, least I bee forced to repent too late) when thy eye is glutted with my beauty, and thy hote loue prooued coone colde, then beginst thou to hate her that thus loueth thee, and prooue as Demophoon did to Phillis, or as Æneas did to Dido: What then may I doe reiected, but accurse mine owne follie, that hath brought me to such hard fortunes. Giue me leaue Francesco, to feare what may fall: for men are as inconstant in performance, as cunning in practises. Shee could not fully discourse what she was about to vtter: but he broke off with this protestation. Ah *Isabel*, although the windes of Lepanthus are euer inconstant, the Chrisorol euer brittle the Po-

lipa

lips euer changeable: yet measure not my mind by others motions, nor the depth of my affection by the fleeting of others fancies: for as there is a Topace that will yeeld to euery stamp, so there is an Emerald that will yéld to no impression. The selfe same Troy, as it had an Æneas that was fickle, so it had a Troilus that was constant. Greece had a Pyramus, as it had a Demophoon: and though some haue béene ingratefull, yet accuse not all to bee vnthankfull: for when Francesco shall let his eye slip from thy beauty, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his heart from thy vertues, or his whole life from euer honouring thée: then shall heauen cease to haue Starres, the earth Trees, the world Elements, and euery thing reuersed shall fall to their former Chaos.

Why then (quoth Isabel) to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such Louers be impeached by my fathers wakefull iealousie. And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as she was, shée mounted, & as fast as horse would pace away they post towards a towne in the saide countrey of Brittaine, called Duncastrum. Where let vs leaue them in their false gallop, and return to old Fregoso, who rising early in the morning, & missing his daughter, asked for her through the whole house: but seeing none could discouer where she was, as assured of her escape, he cryed out as a man halfe lunaticke, that hee was by Francesco robbe of hys onely iewell. Whereupon in a despairing furie he caused all his men and his tenants to mount them, and to disperse themselues euery one with hue and cry for the recouery of his daughter, hée himselfe being horst, and riding the ready way to Duncastrum. Where hé no sooner came, but fortune meaning to dally with the old dotard, and to présent him a boane to gnaw on, brought it so to passe, that as he came riding downe the towne, he mette Francesco and his daughter comming from the Church, which although it pierst him to the quicke, and straind euery string of his hart to the highest note of sorrow, yet hée concealed it till he toke his Inne: and then stumbling as fast as hee coulde to the Mayors house of the towne, hée reuealed vnto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his fauour for the clapping vp of this vnruly Gentleman, and to make thy matter more heinous, he accused him of felony, that he had not onely contrarie to the

custome bereft him of his daughter, against his will, but with his daughter had taken away certaine plate. This euidence caused the Mayor straight guarded with his Officers to march downe with Fregoso to the place where Isabell & her Francesco were at breakfast, little thinking (poore soules) such a sharpe storme should follow so quiet a calme: but fortune would haue it so. And therefore as they were carowsing each to other in a swæte frolicke of hoped for content, the Mayor rusht in, and apprehended him of felony: which draue the poore perplexed louers into such a dump, that they stoode as the pictures that Perseus with his shielde turned into stones. Francesco presently with a sharpe insight entred into the cause, & perceiued it was the drift of the old Foxe his father in law: wherfore he tooke it with the more patience. But Isabel seeing her new husband so handled, fell into a swound for sorrow, which could not preuaile with the Serieants, but they conuayed him to prison, and her to ẏ Mayors house. As soone as this was doone, Fregoso as a man carelesse what should become of them in a strange Country, tooke horse and rode home: he past melancholie, and these remained sorrowfull, especially *Isabel*, who after she had almost blubbred out her eyes for griefe, fell at length into this passion.

Infortunate *Isabel*, and therefore infortunate because thy sorrowes are more then thy yeeres, and thy distresse too heauie for the prime of thy youth. Are the heauens so vniust, the stars so dismal, the planets so iniurious, that they haue more contrarie oppositions than fauourable aspects, that their influence doth infuse more preiudice than they can inferre profite? Then no doubt if their motions be so maligne, Saturne conspiring with all baleful signes, calculated the houre of thy birth full of disaster accidents. Ah *Isabel*, thou maist see, the birdes that are hatched in winter, are nipt with euery storme, such as flie against the sun are eyther scorched or blinded, and those that repugne against nature, are euer crost by fortune. Thy father foresawe these euils, and warned thee by experience, thou reiectedst his counsaile, and therfore art bitten with repentance: such as looke not before they leape, oft fall into the ditch: and they that scorne their parents, cannot auoyde punishment: The young Tigers follow the braying of their olde sire, the tender Fawnes choose

their

their lode by the olde Wucke: These brute beasts and without reason stray not from the limites of nature: thou a woman and endued with reason, art therefore thus sorrowfull, because thou hast bin vnnaturall. Whether nowe Isabel? What, like the shrubs of India, parched with euery storme? Wilt thou resemble the brookes of Caruia, that dry vp with euery Sunne-shine. Shall one blast of Fortune blemish all thy affection? one frowne of thy father infringe thy loue toward thy husband? Wilt thou be so inconstant at the first, that hast promised to be loyall euer? If thou hast banted on thy marriage day, thou wilt bee fleeting hereafter: didst thou not chose him for his vertues, and nowe wilt thou refuse him for his hard fortunes? Is he not thy husband? yes: and therefore more dere to thee then thy Father. I *Isabel*, and vpon that resolue, least hauing so faithful a Troylus, thou proue as hatefull a Cresida: sorrowe *Isabel*, but not that thou followed Francesco, but that Francesco by thee is fallen into such misfortunes: seeke to mitigate his maladies by thy patience, not to incense his greefe with thy passions: courage is knowne in extremities, womanhood in distresse: as the Chrisolite is proued in the fire, and the Diamond by the anuile, so loue is tried, not by fauour of Fortune, but by the aduersitie of time. Therefore *Isabel, Feras non culpes, quod vitare non potes*, and with Tully resolue thus:

Puto rerum humanarum nihil esse firmum: ita nec inprosperis lætitia gesties, nec in aduersis dolore concides.

With this she held her peace and rested silent, so behauing her selfe in the Mayors house with such modesty and patience, that as they held her for a Paragon of beauty, so they counted her for a spectacle of vertue: thinking her outward proportion was far inferior to her inward perfection: so that generally she wan the harts of the whole house in that they pitied her case, and wished her liberty. Insomuch that Francesco was the better vsed for her sake: who being imprisoned, grieued not at his owne sinister mishap, but sorrowed for the fortune of *Isabel*, passing both day and night with many extreame passions, to thinke on the distresse of his beloued Paramour. Fortune who had wrought this tragedy, intending to shewe that her front is as full of fauours as of frownes, and that she holdes a dimple in her cheek,

as this hath a wrinkle in her brow, began thus in a Comicall vaine to be pleasant. After many dayes were passed, and that the Mayor had entred into the good demeanour of them both, noting that it proceeded rather of the displeasure of the Father, than for any speciall desert of felony, seeing youth would haue his swinge, and that as the minerals of Ætna flame fire, as the leaues in Parthia burne with the Sunne, so young yeeres are incident to the heate of loue, and affection will burst into such amorous parties. He, not as Chremes in Terence, measuring the flames of youth by his dead cinders, but thinking of their present fortunes by the follies of their former age, called a Conuenticle of his brethren, and seeing there was none to giue any further euidence, thought to let Francesco loose. Hauing their free consent, the nert day taking Isabel with him, he went to the Jayle, where they heard such rare reportes of the behauiour of Francesco, that they sorrowed not so much at his fortunes, as they wondred at his vertues: for the Jayler discourst vnto thē, how as he was greatly passionate, so he vsed great patience, hauing this verse oft in his mouth.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

That he was affable and courteous, winning all, and offending none, that all his house as they greeued at his imprisonment, would be sory at his inlargement: not for enuy of his person, but for sorrow of his absence. The Jayler thus commending the Gentleman, conducted them to the chamber doore where Francesco lay, whom they found in secret meditation with himselfe: therefore they stayed, and were silent Auditors to his passions. The first word they heard him breath out with a sigh was this,

Soafrir me plaist, car l'esspoir me conforte.

And with that taking a Citterne in his hande, saying thys note.

Pour parvenir I' endure.

He warbled out this Ode.

Francescoes Ode.

WHen I looke about the place
Where sorrow nurseth vp disgrace,

Wrapt

Wrapt within a folde of cares,
Whose distresse no hart spares:
Eyes might looke, but see no light,
Hart might thinke, but on despight,
Sunne did shine, but not on me,
Sorrow sayd it may not be,
That hart or eye should once possesse
Any salue to cure distresse:
For men in prison must suppose
Their couches are the beds of woes.
Seeing this I sighed then,
Fortune thus should punish men.
But when I cald to minde her face
For whose loue I brooke this place,
Starrie eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight.
Eyes that lighten and doe shine,
Beames of loue that are diuine,
Lilly cheekes whereon beside
Buds of Roses shew their pride,
Cherry lips which did speake
Words that made all harts to breake:
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet,
Such perfumes for loue is meete.
Precious words, as hard to tell
Which more pleased, wit or smell.
When I saw my greatest paines
Grow for her that beauty staines.
Fortune thus I did reproue,
Nothing grieuefull growes from loue.

Hauing thus chaunted ouer his Ode, he heard the chamber doze open, whereupon he grew melancholie, but when he saw the goddesse of his affection, on whose constant loialty depended the essence of his happinesse, he started vp as when loue-sicke Mars saw Venus entring his pauilion in triumph, entertaining them all generally with such affability, & her particularly with such courtesie, that he shewed himselfe as ful of nurture as of nature. Interchange of entertainment thus past between

these two louers, as well with emphasis of wordes as extasie of mindes, concluding with streames of pathetically teares. The Mayor at last entred parley, and tolde Francesco, though his Father in lawe had alleadged felony against him, yet because he perceiued that it rather proceeded of some secret reuenge, the any manifest truth, and that no further euidence came to censure the allegation, he was content to set him at libertie, conditionally, Francesco should giue his hand to bee answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might be obiected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at liberty, and hee and *Isabel* ioyntly together taking themselues to a little Cottage, began to be as Ciceronically as they were amorous: with their hands thrift coueting to satisfie their harts thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherin they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrors of a Democraticall methode: for he being a Scholler, and nurst vp in the Vniuersities, resolued rather to liue by his witte, then any way to be pinched with want, thinking this old sentence to be true, That wishers and woulders were neuer good housholders, therefore hee applied himselfe to teaching of a Schoole, where by his industry he had not onely great fauour, but gat wealth to withstand fortune. *Isabel*, that shee might seeme no lesse profitable then her husband careful, fel to her needle, & with her worke sought to preuent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintaine their loues, being as busie as bees, and as true as Turtles, as desirous to satisfie the world with their desert, as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Liuing thus in a league of vnited vertues, out of this mutuall concorde of confirmed perfection, they had a Son answerable to their owne proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and loue thus ioyning in league to make these parties to forget the storms that had nipped the blossoms of their former yeeres, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. After the tearme of fiue yeeres, Segnior Fregoso hearing by sundry reports the fame of their forwardnes, howe Francesco coueted to be most louing to his daughter, and she most dutifull to him,

and

and both strine to exceede one another in loyaltie, glad at thys mutuall agreement, hee fell from the furie of his former melancholie passions, and satisfied himselfe with a contented patience, that at last he directed letters to his Sonne in Lawe, that hee shoulde make repaire to his house with his daughter. Which newes was no sooner come to the eares of this married couple, but prouiding for all things necessarie for the furniture of their voyage, they posted as fast as they could towards Caerbrancke, where spedilie arriuing at their Fathers house, they found such friendly entertainement at the olde mans hand, that they counted thys smile of Fortune able to counteruaile all the contrarie stormes, that the aduerse Planets had inflicted vppon them. Seated thus, as they thought, so surely, as no sinister chaunce, or dismall influence might remoue. Shee that is constant in nothing but inconstancie, began in faire skie to produce a tempest thus.

It so chanced that Francesco had necessarie businesse to dispatch at the chiefe Cittie of that Iland called Troynouant, thether with the leaue of his Father, and farewell to his wife, hee departed after they were married seauen yeeres: where after he was arriued, knowing that hee should make his abode there for the space of some nine weeks, he sold his horse and hired him a chamber, earnestly endeuouring to make speedie dispatch of his affaires, that hee might the sooner enioy the sight of his desired Isabel: for did hee see any woman beautifull, he viewed her with a sigh, thinking how far his wife did surpasse her in excellence: were the modesty of any woman wel noted by her qualities, it grieued him he was not at home with his Isabel: who did excell them all in vertues.

Thus he construed al to her perfection, hauing no vacant time neither day nor night wherein hee did not ruminate on the perfection of Isabel. As thus his thoughts were diuided on his businesse, and on his wife, looking one day out at his Chamber windowe, hee espied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposite against his prospect, who fixed her eyes vpon him with such cunning and artificiall glaunces, as she shewed in them a chast disdaine, and yet a modest desire. Where (by the way Gentlemen) let me say thus much, that our

Courtizans of Troynouant, are far superiour in artificiall allurement to them of all the worlde, for although they haue not the painting of *Italie*, nor the charmes of *France*, nor the iewels of *Spayne*, yet they haue in theyr eyes Adamants that will drawe youth as the Jet the strawe, or ỹ sight of the Panther the Ermly: their lookes are like lures that will reclaime, and like Cyrces apparitions, that can represent in them all motions: they containe modesty, mirth, chastity, wantonnes, and what not, and shee ỹ holdeth in her eye most ciuility, hath oft in her heart most dishonestie, being like the pyrit stone, that is, fire without, and frost within. Such a one was this merry minion, whose honestie was as choice as Venus chastity, being as faire as Helena, and as faithlesse, as well featured as Cressida, and as crafty: hauing an eye for euery passenger, a sigh for euery louer, a smile for euery one that vaild his bonnet: and because shee loued the game well, a quiuer for euery Woodmans arrow. This courtizan seeing this countrey Francesco was no other but a mere nouice, and that so newly, that to vse the olde prouerbe, he had scarce seene the Lions. She thought to intrap him and so arrest him with her amorous glances ỹ shee would wring him by the purse: whereupon euery day she would out at her casment stand and there discouer her beauties. Francesco, who was like the Flie that delighted in the flame, and coueted to fede his eye on this beautious Courtizane, tilted at her with interchange of glaunces, and on a day to try the finesse of his wit, with a poeticall furie, began thus to make a Canzone.

CANZONE.

As then the Sunne sate lordly in his pride,
Not shadowed with the vaile of any clowde:
The welkin had no racke that seemed to glide,
No duskie vapour did bright *Phœbus* shroude:
No blemish did eclipse the beautious skie
From setting forth heauens secret searching eye.
No blustring winde did shake the shadie trees,
Each leafe lay still and silent in the wood,
The birds were musicall, the labouring Bees
That in the summer heapes their winters good,

Plied

Plied to the hiues ſweet honey from thoſe flowers,
Whereout the ſerpent ſtrengthens all his powers.
The Lyon laid and ſtretcht him in the lawnes,
No ſtorme did hold the Leopard fro his pray,
The fallow fields were full of wanton Fawnes,
The plough-ſwaines neuer ſaw a fairer day,
For euery beaſt and bird did take delight
To ſee the quiet heauens to ſhine ſo bright.
When thus the winds lay ſleeping in the Caues,
The ayre was ſilent in her concaue ſpheare,
And *Neptune* with a calme did pleaſe his ſlaues,
Ready to waſh the neuer drenched Beare,
Then did the change of my affects begin,
And wanton Loue aſſaid to ſnare me in.
Leaning my backe againſt a lofty pine,
Whoſe top did check the pride of all the ayre,
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts mine eyne
Vpon the ſunne, the faireſt of all fayre:
What thing made God ſo faire as this, quoth I?
And thus I muſd vntil I darkt mine eie.
Finding the ſunne too glorious for my ſight,
I glaunſt my looke to ſhun ſo bright a lamp,
With that appeard an obiect twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my ſenſes all were dampt.
In *Ida* richer beauty did not win
When louely *Venus* ſhew'd her ſiluer skin.
Her pace was like to *Iunoes* pompous ſtraines,
Whē as ſhe ſweeps through heauens braſſe-paued way,
Her front was powdred through with azurd vaines,
That twixt ſweet Roſes and faire Lillies lay,
Reflecting ſuch a mixture from her face,
As tainted *Venus* beauty with diſgrace.
Artophilax the brighteſt of the ſtars
vvas not ſo orient as her chriſtall eyes,
vvherein triumphant ſat both peace and wars,
From out whoſe arches ſuch ſweet fauour flyes,
As might reclaime *Mars* in his higheſt rage,
At beauties charge his fury to aſſwage.

The Diamond gleames not more reflecting lights,
Painted with fiery pyramides to ſhine,
Than are thoſe flames that burniſh in our ſights,
Darting fire out the chriſtall of her eyne,
Able to ſet *Narciſſus* thoughts on fire,
Although he ſwore him foe to ſweete deſire:
Gazing vpon this lemman with mine eye,
I felt my ſight vaile bonnet with her lookes,
So deepe a paſsion to my hart did flie,
As I was trapt within her luring lookes,
Forſt to confeſſe before that I had done,
Her beauty far more brighter then the Sunne.

Franceſco hauing thus in a poeticall humour pleaſed his fancie, when his leiſure ſerued him woulde to make proofe of his conſtancie interchange amorous glances with this faire Curtizan, whoſe name was Infida, thinking his inward affections were ſo ſurely grounded on the vertues of his Iſabel, that no exterior proportion could effect any paſſion to the contrary: but at laſt he found by experience, that the faireſt bloſſoms, are ſoneſt nipt with froſt, the beſt fruite ſoneſt touched with Caterpillers, and the ripeſt wits moſt apt to bee ouerthrowne by loue. Infida taught him with her lookes to learne this, that the eye of the Baſiliſke pierceth with preiudice: that the iuyce of Celidonie is ſweet, but it fretteth deadlie: that Circes cuppes were to ſtrong for all antidotes, and womens flatteries too forceable to reſiſt at voluntarie: for ſhe ſo ſnared him in her perfection, inſomuch that he thought her ſecond to Iſabel, if not ſuperiour. Dallying thus with beautie as the flie in the flame: Venus willing to ſhew how forceable her influence was, ſo tempted with opportunitie, that as Franceſco walked abroad to take the ayre, he met with Infida gadding abroad with certain her companions, who like blazing Starres ſhewed the mraks of inconſtant minions, for ſhee no ſooner drewe neere Franceſco, but dying her face with a Vermillion bluſh, and in a wanton eye hiding a fained modeſty, ſhe ſaluted him with a lowe courteſie. Segnior Franceſco that could well ſkill to court all kind of degrees, leaſt he might then be thought to haue little manners, returned, not

onely her courteſies with his bonnet, but taking Infida by the hand began thus. Faire Miſtres, and if mine eye be not deceiued in ſo bright an obiect, mine ouerthwart neighbour, hauing often ſæne with delight, and coueted with deſire to be acquainted with your ſweet ſelfe: I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thankes, that hath offered ſuch fit opportunity to bring me to your preſence, hoping I ſhall finde you ſo friendly, as to craue that we may be more familiar. She that knew how to entertaine ſuch a young Nouice, made him this cunning reply. In dæde ſir, neighbourhode craues charity, and ſuch affable Gentlemen as your ſelfe deſerues rather to be entertained with courteſie than reiected with diſdaine. Therefore ſir, what priuate friendſhippe mine honour or honeſty may afford, you aboue all (that hitherto I haue knowne) ſhall commaund. Then Miſtres (quoth he) for that euery man counts it credite to haue a patroneſſe of his fortunes, and I am a mære ſtranger in this Citty: let me finde ſuch fauour, that all my actions may be ſhrowded vnder your excellence, and carry the name of your ſeruant, ready for requitall of ſuch gracious countenance, to vnſheath my ſword in the defence of my Patroneſſe for euer. She that had her honour fitted with this motion, aunſwered thus, with a looke that had bæne able to haue forced Troylus to haue bæne trothleſſe to his Creſſida: How kindly I take it Signior Franceſco, for ſo I vnderſtande your name, that you proffer your ſeruice to ſo meane a Miſtres, the effectuall fauours that ſhal to my powre ability gratifie your courteſie, ſhall manifeſt how I account of ſuch a friend. Therfore from henceforth Infida entertaines Franceſco for her ſeruant: and I (quoth he) accept of the beautious Infida as my Miſtres. Vpon this they fell into other amorous prattle which I leaue off, and walked abroade while it was dinner time. Franceſco ſtil hauing his eye vpon his new Miſtres, whoſe beauties he thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceede all that yet his eye had made ſurney of. Doating thus on this new face with a new fancy, he often wrong her by the hand, and brake off his ſentences, with ſuch dæpe ſighs, that ſhe perceiued by the weather-cocke where the wind blew: returning ſuch amorous paſſions, as ſhe ſeemed as much entangled, as he was enamoured.

well, thinking now that she had baited her hooke, she would not cease while she had fully caught the fish, she began thus to lay the traine. When they were come neere to the Citty gates, she stayed on a sodaine, and straining him hard by the hand, and glancing a looke from her eyes, as if she would both shew favor and craue affection, she began thus smilingly to assault him.

Seruant, the Lawyers say the *assumpsit* is neuer good, where the party giues not somewhat in consideration, that seruice is voide, where it is not made fast by some fee. Least therefore your eye should make your mind variable, as mens thoughts follow their sights, & their looks wauer at the excellence of new obiects, and so I lose such a seruant: to tye you to a stake with an earnest, you shal this day be my guest at dinner: then if hereafter you forget your Pistris, I shal appeale at the barre of loyalty, and so condemne you of lightnes. Francesco that was tyed by the eyes, and had his hart on his halfepeny, could not deny her, but with many thankes accepted of her motion, so that agreed, they went all to Infidaes house to dinner, where they had such cheere as could vpon the sodaine be prouided. Infida giuing him such friendly and familiar entertainment at his repast, as well with sweet prattle, as with amorous glances, that he rested captiue within the labyrinth of her flatteries. After dinner was done, that she might tie him from starting, she thought to set all her wits vpon Ela. Therefore she toke a Lute in her hand and in an angelical harmony warbled out this conceited Ditty.

Infidaes Song.

SWeet *Adon* darst not glance thine eye
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Vpon thy *Venus* that must dye,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

See how sad thy *Venus* lyes,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Loue in hart and teares in eyes,

Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy face as faire as *Paphos* brookes,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
VVherein Fancie baites her hookes,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy cheekes like cherries that doe grow,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Amongst the Westerne mounts of snow,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy lips vermillion, full of loue,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Thy necke as siluer, white as doue,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thine eyes like flames of holy fires,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Burnes all my thoughts with sweet desires,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

All thy beauties sting my hart,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
I must die through *Cupids* dart,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Wilt thou let thy *Venus* die,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Adon were vnkind say I,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

To let faire *Venus* die for woe,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
That doth loue sweet *Adon* so,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

While thus Infida sung her song, Francesco sate, as if with Orpheus melody he had bẽ inchaunted, hauing his eyes fixed on her face, and his eares attendant on her musicke, so that he yeelded to that Syren which after forst him to a fatal shipwrack. Infida laying away her Lute after fell to other prattle. But because it grew late in the afternoone, Francesco that was called away by his vrgent affaires, toke his leaue: whereat Infida seemed very melancholy, which made our young Scholler halfe mad, yet with a solemne conge departing, he went about his busines: whereas our cunning Curtizan, seing her nouice gone, began to smile, and sayd to her companions, that she had made a good market that had caught such a tame fole. Alas poore young Gentleman (quoth she) he is like to the leaues in Ægipt, that as they spring without raine, so they burne at the sight of the fire: or to the Swallowes, that thinke euery Sun-shine a Sommers day. He was neuer long wayter in Venus Court, that counts euery smile a fauour, & euery laugh to be true loue: but it is no matter, he hath store of pence, and I will sell him many passions, vntil I leape him as empty of coyne, as my selfe is voyd of fancy. And thus leauing her iesting at her new entertayned Seruant, againe to Francesco, who after hee had made dispatch of his businesse, got him home to his lodging: where sitting solitary in his chamber, he began to call to remembrance the perfections of his new Mistres, the excellent proportion of her

her phisnomy, her stature, voyce, gesture, vertues (as he thought) ruminating vpon euery part with a plaudite. At last, as he was in this pleasing suppose, he remembred his sweet Isabel, whose beauty and vertue was once so precious, that betweene his old loue, and his new fancy, he fell into these passions. Ah Francesco, whither art thou carried with new conceits? shal thy fruits be more subiect to the Northerne blastes, than thy blossomes? shal thy middle age be more full of folly, than thy tender years? wilt thou loue in thy youth, and lust when thy dayes are halfe spent? Men say, that the Cedar, the elder it is, the straighter it growes: that Narcissus flowers the higher they spring, the more glorious is their hew: and so should Gentlemen as they exceed in yeares, excell in vertues: but thou (Francesco) art like to the Halciones, which being hatcht white as milk, grow to be as black as Jet: the young Storks haue a musicall voyce, but the olde a fearefull sound. When thou wert of small age, men honoured thee for thy qualities, and nowe in yeares, shall they hate thee for thy vices. But to what end tendes this large preamble to checke thy fondnes, that must leaue to loue, and learne to lust? What, leaue to loue Isabel, whose beauty is diuine, whose vertues rare, whose chastity loyall, whose constancy vntainted? And for whom? for loue of some vnknowne Curtizan. Consider this Francesco, Isabel for thy sake hath left her Parents, forsaken her friends, reiected the world, and was content rather to broke pouerty with thee, than possesse wealth with her Father. Is she not faire to content thine eye, vertuous to allure thy mind? Nay, is she not thy wife, to whom thou art bound by law, loue, & conscience: and yet wilt thou start from her? what from Isabel? Didst thou not vowe that the heauens should be without lamps, the earth without beasts, the world without Elyments, before Isabel should be forsaken of her Francesco? And wilt thou proue as false as she is faithfull? Shall she like Dido cry out against Æneas? like Phillis against Demophoon? like Ariadne against Theseus? and thou be canonized in the Chronicles, for a man full of periury. Oh consider Francesco whom thou shalt lose if thou losest Isabel, and what thou shalt gaine, if thou winnest Infida: the one being a louing wife, the other a flattering Curtizan. Hast thou read Aristotle, and findest thou

not

not in his Philosophie, this sentence set downe?

Omne animal irrationale ad sui similem diligendum natura dirigitur.

And wilt thou that art a creature indued with reason as thou art, excelling them in wisedome, exceed them in vanities? Hast thou turnd ouer the liberal Sciences as a scholler, and amongst them all hast not found this generall principle, that vnitie is the essence of amitie, and yet wilt thou make a diuision in the greatest simpathie of al loues? May Francesco, art thou a Christian, and hast tasted of the sweet fruites of Theologie, and hast not read this in holy writ, pend downe by that miracle of wisdome Salomon, that he which is wise should reiect ỹ strange woman, and not regard the sweetnesse of her flatterie.

Desire not the beauty of a strange woman in thine heart, nor be not intrapped in her eye-lids:

For through a worish woman, a man is brought to a morsel of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.

Can a man take fire in his bosome, and not be burnt? or can a man tread vpon coales, and not be scorched?

So he that goeth to his neighbours wife, shall not be innocent whosoeuer toucheth her.

Men doe not despise a theefe when hee stealeth to satisfie his soule: but if he be founde, he shall restore seauen folde, or gyue all the substance of his house.

But he that committeth adultery with a woman, hee is destitute of vnderstanding: he that doth it, destroyeth his own soule.

He shall finde a wounde and dishonour, and his reproch shall neuer be put away.

If then Francesco, Theologie tells thée such axiomes, wilt thou striue against the streame, and with the deare fede against the winde? Wilt thou swallow vp sinne with greedinesse, that thou maist bee punished without repentance? Go Francesco, home to the wife of thy youth, and drinke the pleasant waters of thine owne Well. And what of all these friuolous circumstances? Wilt thou measure euery action with Philosophy, or euery thought with Diuinitie? Then shalt thou liue in the world, as a man hated in the worlde. What Francesco, hée that is afraid of euery bush, shall neuer proue good huntsman, and he

that

that at euery gust puts to the Lée, shall neuer be good Nauigator, Thou art now Francesco, to be a Louer, not a Diuine, to measure thy affections by Ouids principles, not by rules of theology: and time present wils thée to loue Infida, when thou canst not looke on Isabel, distance of place is a discharge of dutie, and men haue their faults, as they are full of fancies. What, the blinde eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the Mill that the Miller neuer knowes of, the euill that the eye sées not the hart rues not, *Casté si non cauté*, Tush Francesco, Isabel hath not Lynceus eyes, to sée so farre. Therefore while thou art resident in London, enioy the beauty of *Infida*, and when thou art at home, onely content thée with *Isabel*, so with a small faulte shalt thou fully satisfie thine owne affection. Thus Francesco soothed himselfe, and did *In vtramuis aurem dormire*, caring little for his good, as long as hée might please his newe Goddesse: and making no exception of a wife, so hée might be accepted of his paramour. To effect therefore the desired ende of his affects, hée made himselfe as neate and quaint as might bee, and hied him home to his new mistresse house, to put in practise that which himselfe had purposed: whether in the afternoone arriuing, he vnderstood by her chambermaid ẏ she was at home and solitary: by her therefore he was conducted to *Infidas* Closette, where he found her séeming melancholy, and thus awaked her from her dumps.

Faire Mistresse, haile to your person, quiet to your thoughts, and content to your desires. At my first comming into your Chamber, séeing you sit so melancholy, I thought either Diana sate musing on the principles of her modestie, or Venus male-content dumping on her amours: for the shewe of your vertues represents the one, and the excellence of your beauty discouers the other: but at last when the glister of your beauty surpassing them both, reflected like the pride of Phœbus on my face, I perceiued it was my good Mistresse, that discontented sate in her dumps: wherefore as your bounden seruant, if either my word or sword may frée you from these passions, I am heare ready in all actions howsoeuer preiuditiall, to shewe the effect of my affection. Infida gladde to sée her Louer in this Laborinth: wherein to binde him sure, shée taking him by the hand, made

this wilie answere.

Sweete seruant, how discontent soeuer I seeme, dismay not you: for your welcome is such as you can wish, or the sincerities of my hart affoord: womens dumpes grow not euer of a preiudiciall mishap, but oft times of some superficial melancholie, inforced with a frowne, and shaken off with a smile: hauing sorrowe in their faces, and pleasure in their heart: resembling the leaues of the Liquorice, that when they are most full of dewe without, are then most dry within. I tell you seruant, women are wilie cattel, and therefore haue I chosen so good a Yeardman as your selfe, that what our wantonnesse offendes, your wisedome may amend. But trust me Francesco, were I wronged by Fortune, or iniured by any Foe, the promise of such a Champion were sufficient to arme mee with disdaine against both: but rest satisfied, your presence hath banished al passions: and therefore you may see seruaunt, you are the Loadstone, by whose vertue my thoughts take all their direction. Being thus pleasant, she sate Francesco downe by her, and hand in hand interchanged amorous glaunces. But hee that was abasht to discouer his minde, in that some sparkes of honestie still remained in his hart, sate tormented with loue and feare, prickt forwarde by the one to discourse his desires, kept backe by the other from vttering his affections. Thus in a quandarie, he sate like one of Medusaes changelings, till *Infida* seeing him in this sodaine amaze, began thus to shake him out of his passions.

Now Segnior Francesco, I see the olde adage is not alwayes true, *Consulenti nunquam caput doluit*: for yet that erst alleaged perswasions of mirth, are now overgrowne with melancholie: When an extreame stormе followes a pleasant calme, then the effects are metaphisicall, and where such a violent dumpe of cares is sequence to such an extasie of ioyes, either I must attribute it to some apoplexe of sences, or some strange alteration of passions. Francesco, the oven dampt vp hath the greatest heat, fire suppressed is most forcible, the streames stopt, either breake through or overflowe, and sorrowes concealed as they are most passionate, so they are most peremptorie. What Francesco? spit on thy hand, and lay holde on thy hart, one pounde of care payes not an ounce of debt: a friend to reueale is a medicine to

relieue

relieue, discouer thy greefe, and if I be not able to redresse with wealth, although what I haue, is at thy commaund, yet I will attempt with counsaile, either to perswade thee from passions, or intreate thee to patience: say Francesco, and feare not, for as I will be a friendly counseller, so I will be a faithful concealer. Our young Gentleman hearing *Infida* apply such lenitiue plaisters to his cutting corasiues, thought ỳ patient had great hope when the Phisition was so friendly, he therfore with a demure countenaunce beginning Louer-like his preamble with a deepe sigh courted her thus.

Faire Mistresse (quoth he) if I faile in my speeches, thinke it is, because I faint in my passions, being as timorous to offend, as I am amorous to attempt, when the obiect is offered to the sence, the sight is hindred, *Sensibile sensui oppositum, nulla fit sensatio*: Mars could neuer play the Orator when hee wronge Venus by the hands: nor Tully tell his tale when his thoughts were in Terentiaes eyes: Louers are like to the Vrban blossomes that open with the dewe, and shut with the Sun, so they in presence of their mistresse haue their tongues tied, and theyr eyes open, pleading with the one, and being silent in the other, which one describeth thus:

Alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultus,
Quærebant tacitis noster vbi esset amor.

Therefore sweet *Infida*, what my tongue vtters not, thinke conceited in my hart: and then thus: since first my good fortune if thou fauourest me, or my aduerse destinies, if I find thee contrary, brought mee to Troynouant, and that these ouerdaring eyes were entertained into those gorgeous obiects, knowe that Cupid lying at aduantage so snared me in thy perfections, that euer since euery sence hath rested imperfect. For when I marked thy face, more beautious then Venus, I surueyed it with a sigh, and quicke eye purtraied it with a passion, when I noted thy vertues, then my minde rested captiue, when I heard thy wit, I did not onely wonder, but I was so wrapt in the Labyrinth of thine excellence, that no starre but *Infida* coulde be the guide whereby to direct my course. Sith then faire Mistresse, you and none but you, haue robd me of my affections, harbour not in such a tender bodie a hard hart, but doe me iustice let me haue

loue for loue, least I complaine my destinies to be equivalent to my desires, and think my fortunes to be sharper then my loues: Thinke Infida faults in affections are but slight follies, Venus hath shrines to shadowe her trewants, and Cupids winges are shelters for such as venture as farre to content theyr thoughts. Sinnes vnseene, are halfe pardoned, and Loue requires not chastitie, but that her Souldiers be charie. Then thinke (sweet Infida) if thou grant my desire, howe carefull I will be of thy honor, rather ready to abide the preiudice of life, than to bryke the disparagement of thy fame: In liew therefore of my loyall seruice, grant me that sweet gift, which as it begins in amitie, can no way take end but in death: otherwise I shall bee forced to accurse my fortunes, accuse my frowardnesse, and expect no other happe but a life full of miseries, or a death full of martyrdome. With this passion ending his plea, he dissolued into such sighes, that it discouered his inward affection, not to be lesse then his outward protestation.

Infida noting the perplexity of her Louer, conceited his greefe with great ioy: yet that she might not be thought too forward, she seemed thus froward: and although her thoughts were more than his desires, and that her minde was no lesse than his motion, yet pulling her hand from his, she made this frowning reply.

What Francesco, when the Tyger hunteth for his pray, doth he then hide his clawes? Is the Pyrit stone then most hote, when it loketh most cold? Are men so subtile, that when they seeme most holy, they are farthest from God, can they vnder the shadow of vertue couer the substance of vanitie, and like *Ianus* be double faced, to present both faith and flattery. I had thought (seruant) when I entertained thee for thy courtesie, I should not haue had occasion to shake thee off for thy boldnes: nor when I likte thee for thy affable simplicitie, I should haue misliked thee for thy secret subtilty: What Francesco, to desire such a graunt as may, if thou wert wise, neither stand with thy honestie to intend, nor with my honour to effect. Tell me Francesco, hath either my countenance bin so courteous, yt it might premise such smal curiosity, or my lookes so lasciuious that thou mightest hope to finde me so lauish, or my actions so wauering, or my disposition so ful of vanity that my honor might seeme sone to be assault-

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ted & sone sacked. If I haue (Francesco) bẽ faulty in these follies, then will I sæke to amend wherin thou saist I haue made offence: if not, but that thou thinkest, for that I am a woman, I am easie to be won, with promises of lone and protestations of loyaltie, thou art (swæt seruant) in a wrong bore, and sittest far beside the cushion: for I passe of my honour more than life, & couet rather to haue the title of honestie, then the dignity of a diadem: cease then, vnlesse thou wilt surcease to haue my fauor, & content thæ with this, that *Infida* allowes of thæ for loue, not for lust: & yet if she should tread her thoe awry, would rather yæld the spoile of her honor to her seruant, than to the greatest prince of ỹ world. Francesco, though he was a neuice in these affaires, and was nipped on the head with this sharp repulse, yet he was not so to take the shower for the first storme, nor so ill a Woodman to giue ouer the chace at the first default, but that hee prosecuted his purpose thus. I am sorry (faire goddesse of my deuotion) if my presumption hath giuen any offence to my swæt Mistresse, for rather then I should but procure a frowne in her forehead: I would haue a dæpe wound in my owne hart, coueting rather to suppresse my passions with death, thẽ to disparage my credit with so good a patrones. Therefore although my destinies be extreame, my affection great, and my loues such as can take no end, but in your fauours, yet I rest vppon this, *Infida* hath commanded me to cease, and I wil not dare so much as to prosecute my sute, although euery passion should bee a purgatorie, and euery dayes deniall a moneths punishment in hell: with that he set downe his period with such a sigh, that as the Harriners say, a man would haue thought all would haue split again. This cunning Curtizan being afraid, with this checke to haue quatted the queasie stomacke of her louer, desirous to drawe to her that with both hands, which shæ had thrust away with her little finger, began to be pleasant with Francesco thus.

What seruant, are you such a freth water Souldier, that you faint at the first skirmish: feare not man, you haue not to deale with Mars, but with Venus, and her dartes of deniall as they prick sharp, so they pierce little, & her thunderbolts do affright, not preiudice. Feare not man, a womans hart and her tongue are not relatiues; tis not euer true, that what the hart think-

eth the tongue clacketh. Venus stormes are tempred with Rose water, and when shee hath the greatest wrincle in her browe, then shee hath the sweetest dimple in her chinne: be blithe man, a faint hart neuer wonne faire Ladie. Francesco hearing his Mistresse thus pleasant, tooke opportunity by the forehead, and dealt so with his Insida, that before he went all was well, shee blusht not, nor he basht, but both made vp their market with a faire of kisses: which simpathy of affections, bred the poore gentlemans ouerthrowe: for hee was so snared in the wilie trammels of her alluring flattery, that neither the remembrance of his Isabel, the care of his child, the fauour of his friends, or the feare of discredite, coulde in any wise hale him from that hell, whereinto through his owne follie, he was fallen.

Where, by the way (Gentlemen) let vs note the subtilty of these Syrens, that with their false harmony perswade, and then preiudice, who be witch like Calypso, and inchant like Circes, carrying a shew as if they were Vestals, and could with Amulia carry water in a sive, when they are flat Curtizans, as farre from honesty, as they are from deuotion. At the first, they carrie a faire shew, resembling Calisto, who hid her vanities with Dianaes vaile, hauing in their lookes a coy disdaine, but in their harts a hote desire, denying with the tongue, and enticing with their lookes, reiecting in words, and alluring in gestures, & such a one (Gentlemen) was Insida, who so plied Francesco with her flattering fawnes, that as the yron followes the Adamant, the straw the Ieat, and the Helitropian the beames of the sun, so his actions were directed after her eye, and what she said, stood for a principle, insomuch, that he was not onely ready in all submisse humors to please her fancies, but willing for the least word of offence, to drawe his weapon against the stoutest Champion in all Troynouant. Thus seated in her beauty hee lined a long while, forgetting his returne to Caerbranke, till on a day sitting musing with himselfe, hee fell into a deepe consideration of his former fortunes & present follies: whereupon taking his Lute in his hand, hee sung this Roundelay.

Neuer too late.

Francescoes Roundelay.

Sitting and sighing in my secret muse,
As once *Apollo* did, surprisde with loue,
Noting the slipperie wayes young yeres doe vse,
What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue,
With bitter teares despayring I doe cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When wanton age, the blossomes of my time,
Drew me to gaze vpon the gorgeous sight,
That beauty pompous in her highest prime,
Presents to tangle men with sweet delight,
Then with despairing teares my thoughts doe cry,
Woe worth the faultes and follies of mine eye.

When I surueid the riches of her lookes,
Whereout flew flames of neuer quencht desire,
Wherein lay baits, that *Venus* snares with hookes,
Oh where proude *Cupid* sate all armde with fire:
Then toucht with loue my inward soule did crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The milke white *Galaxia* of her brow,
Where Loue doth dance *la volta* of his skill,
Like to the Temple where true louers vow
To follow what shall please their mistresse will,
Noting her Iuory front, now doe *I* cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Her face like siluer *Luna* in her shine,
All tainted through with bright vermillion straines,
Like Lillyes dipt in *Bacchus* choycest wine,
Powdred and interseamd with azurd vaines,
Delighting in their pride now may I crye,
VVoe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

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The golden wyers that checkers in the day,
Inferiour to the treſſes of her haire,
Her Amber trammels did my hart diſmay,
That when I lookte, I durſt not ouer-dare:
Proud of her pride, now am I forſt to cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Theſe fading beauties drew me on to ſin,
Natures great riches framde my bitter ruth,
Theſe were the traps that loue did ſnare me in,
Oh, theſe, and none but theſe haue wrackt my youth.
Miſled by them, I may deſpairing cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

By theſe I ſlipt from vertues holy tracke,
That leades vnto the higheſt Chriſtall Spheare,
By theſe *I* fell to vanity and wrack,
And as a man forlorne with ſin and feare,
Deſpayre and ſorrow doth conſtraine me cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Although this ſonnet was of his ready invention, and that he vttered it in the bitternes of mind, yet after he had paſt ouer his melancholie, and from his ſolitary was fallen into company, he forgate his pathetitall impreſſion of vertue, and like the dog did *redire ad vomitum*, and fel to his owne vomite, reſembling thoſe Grecians, that with Vlyſſes drinking of Cyrces drugges, loſt both forme and memory: Wel his affaires were done, his horſe ſolde, and no other buſines nowe reſted to hinder him from hieing home, but his Miſtreſſe which was ſuch a violent detainer of his perſon, and thoughts, that there is no heauen but *Infidas* houſe, where although he pleſantly entred in with delight, yet cowardly he ſlipt away with repentance. Well, leauing him to his new loues, at laſt to *Iſabel*, who daily expected the comming home of her beſt beloued Franceſco, thinking euery houre a yeare, till ſhe might ſee him, in whom reſted al her content. But when (poore ſoule) ſhe could neither feede her ſight with his preſence,

sence, nor her eares with his letters, she began to lower & grew so discontent, that she fell into a feuer. Fortune that ment to try her patience, thought to proue her with these tragical news. It was told her by certaine Gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands priuate familiars, that he ment to soiourne most part of the yare in Troynouant: one blunt fellow amongst the rest that was plaine and without falshood, told her the whole cause of his residence, how he was in loue with a most beautiful Gentlewoman called *Infida*, and that so deepely, that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring Curtizan. At this *Isabel* made no account, but toke it as a frinolous tale, and thought the worse of such as buzzed such fantastical follies into her eares, but when the general report of his demeanours were bruted abroad throughout all Caerbrancke, then with blushing cheekes, she hid her head, and grieuing at his follies & her own fortunes, smothered the flames of her sorrowes with inward conceit, but outwardly withstood such inuectiues as did inueigh against the honestie of Francesco, so that shee wonne great commendations of all for her loyaltie and constancie: yet when she was gotten secrete by her selfe, her hart full of sorrowfull passions, and her eyes full of teares, shee began to meditate with herselfe of the prime of her youth, vowed to Francesco, how shee forsake Father, friendes, and Country, to be a Paramour vnto her harts paragon. The vowes he made, when he caried her away in the night, the solemne promises and protestations that were vttered. When she had pondred all these things, then she called to minde Æneas, Demophoon, and Theseus, and matcht them with Dido, Phillis, and Ariadne, and at last sighed thus: And shall it bee so betweene *Isabel* and *Francesco?* No, thinke not so (fond woman) let not iealousie blinde thee, whom loue hath indued with such piercing insight: for as there is no content to the sweetnesse of loue, so there is no dispaire to the preiudice of iealousie: whereupon to shake off all fancies, shee toke her Cittern in her hand, and sung this verse out of Ariosto.

Che piu felice è piu iocundo stato,
Che viuer piu dolce è piu beato
Saria di seruire vno amoroso cuore,

Che d'esser in seruitud amore,
Se non fuisse huomo sempre stimulato,
Da quella rio timore, da quella frenezia,
Da quella rabbia, della vellozia.

Yet as women are constant, so they are easie to beléeue, especially truth, and so it fell out with Isabel, for she (poore soule) could take no rest, so was her head troubled with these newes, hammering a thousand humours in her braine, how shee might know the certainty of his follies, and how she might reclaime him for his new entertained affection. Shee considered with her selfe, that men allure Doues by the beauty of the house, and reclaime Hawkes by the fairenes of the lure, & that loue ioyned with vertue, were able to recall the most straggling Æneas to make sailes againe to Carthage. Muse (quoth shee to her selfe) suppose he be falne in loue with a Curtizan, & that beautie hath giuen him the braue: what, shall I vtterly condemne him? No, as he was not the first, so he shall not be the last: what, youth will haue his swinge, the briar will be full of prickles, the nettle will haue his sting, & youth his amours: men must loue, and will loue, though it be both against lawe and reason, a crooked sien will proue a straight tree, the Iuniper is sower when it is a twig, and sweet when it is a tree: time changeth maners, and Francesco when hee entreth into the condition of a flattering Curtizan, will forsake her, and returne penitent & more louing to his Isabel. Thus like a good wife she construed all to the best, yet she thought to put him in minde of his returne, & therefore she writ him a letter to this effect.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

IF Penelope longed for her Vlysses, thinke Isabel wisheth for her Francesco, as loyall to thee as she was constant to the wilie Greeke, and no lesse desirous to see thee in Caerbranck, than she to enioy his presence in Ithaca, watering my cheekes with as many teares, as she her face with plaints, yet my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as she to increase her cares: for

for I haue such resolution in thy constancy, that no Circes with all her inchantments, no Calipso with all her sorceries, no Syren with all their melodies could peruert thee from thinking on thine Isabel. I know Francesco so deepely hath the faithfull promise and loyall vowes made & interchanged betweene vs taken place in thy thoughts, that no time how long so euer, no distance of place howsoeuer different may alter that impression. But why do I inferre this needlesse insinuation to him, that no vanity can alienate from vertue: let me Francesco perswade thee with other circumstances. First my sweet, think how thine Isabel lies alone, measuring the time with sighs, and thine absence with passions, counting the day dismal, and the night full of sorrowes, being euery way discontent, because she is not content with her Francesco. The only comfort that I haue in thine absence is thy child, who lies on his mothers knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a woer. But when the boy sayes, Mam, where is my Dad, when will he come home? Then the calme of my content turneth to a present storme of piercing sorrow, that I am forced sometime to say: Vnkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabel. I hope Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults that procureth this long delay. For if I knew my follies did any way offend thee, to rest thus long absent, I would punish my selfe both with outward and inward penance. But howsoeuer, I pray for thy health, and thy speedy returne, and so Francesco farewell.

Thine more then her owne. *Isabel.*

SHe hauing finished her letters, conuaied the speedily to Troynouant, where they were deliuered to Francesco, who receauing them with a blush, went into his study, & there vnript the seales with a sigh, perceauing by the contents that Isabel had an inkling of his vnkind Loues, which drane him into a great quandary, that deepely entring into the insight of his lasciuious life, he began to feele a remorse in his conscience, how greeuously he had offended her, that had so faithfully loued him. Oh, quoth he, shall I be so ingrate as to quittance affection with fraude? So vnkind as to weigh downe loue with discourtesie, to giue her a weede that presents me a flower, and to beat her with net-

tles, that perfumes mee with Roses: consider with thy selfe Francesco, how deeply thou dost sin. First thou offendest thy God in choosing so wanton a Goddesse: then, thou dost wrong thy wife, in preferring an inconstant Curtizan before so faithfull a Paramoure: yet Francesco, thy Harvest is in the grasse, thou mayst stop at the brim, because thou hast never touched the bottome. What? men may fall, but to wallow in wickednes is a double fault. Therefore recall thy selfe, reclaime thy affections: Is not thine Isabel as faire? Oh, if thee be not, yet is she more vertuous. Is not Isabel so witty as Infida? Oh, but she is more constant, and then art thou so mad, to prefer drosse before gold, a common flint before a choice Diamond, vice before vertue, fading beauty before the excellent inward qualities: No, shake off these follies, and say both in mouth and in hart, none like Isabel: This he said by himselfe, but when hee went forth of his chamber, and espied his Mistres looking out at her window all this geare changed, and the case was altered: she cald, and he must, and there in a ieast scoft at his wives letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and saying, I will not leave this Troy for the chastest Penelope in the world.

Thus he soothed himselfe in the sweetnes of his sinne, resembling the Leopards that feede on Marjoram while they die, or the people Hyperborei, that sit so long e gaze against the Sun till they become blind: so he doated on the perfection of Infida, till it grew to his vtter prejudice: for no reason could divert him from his damned intent, so had hee drowned himselfe in the degrees of lust: insomuch that he counted it no sin to offend with so faire a Saint: alluding to the saying of the holy Father:

Consuesudo peccandi, tollit sensum peccati.

Thus did these two continue in the Simpathy of these sins, while poore Isabel rested her at home content in this, that at last he would be reclaimed, and till then she would vse patience, saying *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* Wallowing thus in the folds of their own follies, Fortune that meant to experience the force of loue, dealt thus conceitedly. After these two Louers had by the space of three yeares securely slumbred in the sweetnes of their pleasures, and drunk with the surfet of content, thought no other heauen but their own supposed happines: as euery storme

hath

hath his calme, and the greatest spring-tide the deadest ebbe, so fared it with Francesco: for so long went the pot to the water, that at last it came broken home, and so long put he his hand into his purse, that at last the empty bottome returned him a writ of *Non est inuentus*: for well might the deuill dance there, for euer a crosse to kéepe him backe.

Well, this Louer fuller of passions than of pence, began (whē he entred into the consideration of his owne estate) to mourne of the chine, and to hang the lip as one that for want of sounding had strook himselfe vpon the Sands: yet he couered his inward sorrow with outward smiles, and like Ianus presented his Mistres with a merry looke, when the other side of his visage was full of sorrowes. But she that was as good as a touch-stone to try mettals, could straight spy by the last where the shooe wringed him: & seeing her Francesco was almost foundred, thought to see if a skilfull Farriar might mend him: if not, like an vnthankfull Hackney man thee meant to turne him into the bare Leas, and set him as a tired Jade to pick a Sallet.

Vpon which determination, that she might doo nothing rashly, she made enquiry into his estate, what Liuings he had, what Lands to sel, how they were either tied by Statute, or Intailed: At last, through her secret and subtile inquisition, she found that all his corne was on the floore, that his sheepe were clipt and the woll sold: to be short, that what he had by his wife could neither be sold nor morgaged, and what hee had of his owne was spent vpon her, that nothing was left for him to liue vpon but his wits. This news was such a cooling card to this Curtizan, that the extreame heate of her loue was already growne to be luke warme: which Francesco might easily perceiue, for at his arriuall, his welcome was more strange, her looks more coy, his fare more slender, her glances lesse amorous: and she seemed to be Infida in proportion, but not in wonted passions.

This vncouth disdain made Francesco maruell, who yet had not entred into her deceits, nor (being simply of himselfe) had euer yet experienst a strumpets subtilty, he imputed therefore his mistresses coynesse to the distemperature of her body, and thought that being not well, it was no wonder though she gaue him the lesse welcome.

Thus poore novice did he conster every thing to the best, vntil Time presented him with the trueth of the worst: for in short time, his Hostes calld for money, his creditours threatned him with an arrest, his cloathes wart thred bare, and there was no more coyne in the Mint to amend them. Where vpon a day, sitting in a great dump by his Infida, who was as solemne as he was sorrowfull, he burst foorth into these speeches.

I haue read (sweet Loue) in the Aphorismes of Philosophers, that heate suppressed is more violent, the streame stopt makes the greater Deluge, and passions concealed, procure the deeper sorrowes. Then if *Contrariorum contraria est ratio*, there is nothing better than a bosome friend with whom to conferre vpon the iniury of Fortune. Finding my selfe (my Infida full of Pathemas as sting to the quicke, invenomed with the Tarantula of heart sick torments, I think no medicine fitter for my malady, than to be cured by the musicall harmony of thy friendly counsaile. Know then Infida that Troynouant is a place of great expence, like the serpent Hidaspis, that the more it sucks, the more it is a thirst, eating men alive as the Crocodile, and beeing a place of as dangerous allurement, as the seat where the Syrens sit and chaunt their prejudiciall melody. It is to young Gentlemen, like the Labyrinth, whereout Theseus could not get without a thred, but here be such monstrous Minotaurs as first devoure the thred, & then the person. The Innes are like Hothouses, which by little and little sweat a man into a consumption: the Host he carries a pint of wine in the one hand, to welcome, but a poniard in the other to stab, and the Hostes she hath smiles in her forehead, and prouides good meate for her guests, but the sauce is costly, for it farre exceedes the cates. If coyne want, then eyther to Limbo, or else clap vp a commodity (if so much credite be left) where he shall finde such knots, as he will neuer be able without his vtter prejudice to vntie. Brokers, I leaue them off, as too course ware to be mouthd with an honest mans tongue. These Minotaurs faire Infida, haue so eaten me vp in this Labyrinth, as to be plaine with thee that art my second selfe, I want, and am so farre indebted to the Mercer and mine Hostis, as either thou must stand my friend to disburse so much mony for me, or else I must depart from Troynouant, and

so

so from thy sight, which how precious it is to me, I refer to thine owne conscience: or for an *Vltimum vale*, take vp my lodging in the Counter, which I know, as it would be vncouth to me, so it would be greeuefull to thee, and therefore now hangs my welfare in thy will. How loath I was to vtter vnto thee my want and sorrow, measure by my loue, who wish rather death than thy discontent.

Infida could scarce suffer him so long a period, and therefore with her forehead full of furrowes she made him this answere. And would you haue mee (sir) buy an ounce of pleasure with a tunne of mishaps, or reach after repentance with so high a rate: haue I lent thee the blossomes of my youth, & delighted thee with the prime of my yeares? hast thou had the spoile of my virginity and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substance? when thou hast withered my person, aymest thou at my wealth? No sir, no, know that for the loue of thee, I haue crackt my credite, that neuer before was stayned. I cannot looke abroad without a blush, nor go with my neighbours without a frump, thou, and thy name is euer cast in my dish, my foes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies: wherefore seeing thou beginnest to pick a quarrell, and hereafter, when thine owne base fortunes haue brought thee to beggary wilt say, that Infida cost thee so many Crownes, and was thine ouerthrow: auant Mouice, home to thine own wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) sits & wants what thou consumest at Tauernes. Thou hast had my despoile, and I feare I beare in my belly the token of too much loue I ought thee. Yet content with this discredite, rather then to runne into further extremity: get thee out of my doores, for from henceforth thou shalt neuer be welcome to Infida. And with that she flung vp, and went into her chamber: Francesco would haue made a reply, but she would not heare him, nor holde him any more chat: Whereupon with a flea in his eare, he went to his lodging. There ruminating on the number of his follies, & the hardnes of his fortunes, seeing his score great, his coyne little, his credite lesse: weighing how hardly he had vsed his Isabel: at last leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eyes, he began to be thus extreamly passionate. Now Francesco, *Piscator ictus sapit*, experience is a true Pictres, but she maketh her schollers tread

tread vpon thornes, hast thou not leaped into the ditch, which thou hast so greedily desired to reape. Oh now thou seest the difference betweene loue and lust: the one full of contented pleasure, the other of pleasing miseries: thy thoughts were feathered with fancy, & whither did they flie so far that they freed themselues and thou rest consumed. Oh Francesco, what are women: If they be honest Saints, the purity of nature, the excellence of vertue, the perfection of earthly content. But if they be Curtizans and strumpets, Oh let mee breath before I can vtter the depth of such a monstrous description: they be in shape Angels, but in qualities deuils, painted Sepulchers with rotten bones, their foreheads are Kalenders of misfortunes, their eyes like comets, that when they sparkle foretell some fatall disparagement, they allure with amorous glances of lust, and kill with bitter looks of hate, they haue dimples in their cheeks to deceiue, and wrinkles in their browes to betray, their lips are like to the hony combs, but who tasteth the drops is impoysoned: they are as cleare as Christall, but bruse them, and they are as infectious as the Diamond, their teares are like the Aconiton, that the Hydra wept: they present as Deianira shirts for presents, but who so puts them on, consumes like Hercules, they lay out the folds of their haire, and intangle men in their tresses, playing the horse-leach, that sucketh while they burst: betweene their breasts is the vale of destruction, and in their beds oh there is sorrow, repentance, hell, and despaire. They consume man aliue, and ayme at his substance not his perfection: like Eagles, that onely flie thither where the carrion is, they leade men to hell, and leaue them at the gates. To be briefe, they are ingratfull, periured, vntrue, inconstant, fleeting, full of fraud, deceitfull, and to conclude in one word, they be very refuse of natures excrements. Oh Francesco, what a satirical inuectiue hast thou vttered? I may best (quoth he) for I haue bought euery principle with a pound: What now rests for thee poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to end all these miseries, and that is this: Draw thy rapier and so die, that with a manly resolution thou mayst preuent thy further misfortunes. Oh although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not, though thou art Anathema, yet proue not an Athiest, the mercy of God is aboue all his

woꝛks, and repentance is a pꝛecious balme. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth Francesco, to Isabel, who with her patience will couer all thy follies: remember this man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.*

Thus he ended, and with very griefe fel in a slumber. At this the Palmer bꝛeathed, and made a stop & a long period. His Host desirous to heare out the ende of Francescoes foꝛtunes, wished him to goe foꝛward in his discourse. Pardon me sir, quoth the Palmer, the night is late, and I haue trauelled all the day: my belly is full, and my bones would be at rest. Therefoꝛe foꝛ this time, let thus much suffice, & to moꝛrowe at our bꝛeaking which shall be with the sunne, I will not onely discourse vnto you the end of Francescoes amours, of his returne home to his wife, and his repentance, but manifest vnto you the reason why I aymed my pilgrimage to Venice. The Gentleman and his wife very loth to be tedious to the good Palmer, were cõtent with his pꝛomise: and so taking vp the candle lighted him to bed, where we leaue him. And therefoꝛe alone as may be Gentlemen, looke foꝛ Francescoes further foꝛtune, & after that my *Farewell to follies*: and then adue to amoꝛous

Pamphlets.

FINIS.

Greenes second part of Neuer too late.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

No sooner did Phœbus burnish the heauen with his bꝛightnes, and deckt in a gloꝛious diadem of chꝛũ solites, had mounted him on his Coatch to lighten the Lampe that makes Flora beauteous, but the Palmer was vp and at his Oꝛisons being as deuoute in his thoughts, as he was mindfull of his trauels: walking in the garden all alone, and seeing the sunne newe peeping

out of the Caſt, he began to meditate with himſelfe of ye ſtate of man, comparing his life to the length of a ſpan, or the compaſſe of the Sun, who riſing bright and orient, continueth but his appointed courſe, and oft times ſhadowed with ſo many clouds, and ſtaind with a ſable vale of ſuch thick fogs, that he is more darkened with ſtormes then beautified with light: and if it fortune his ſhine is without blemiſh, yet hee ſetteth and that more oft in a folde of clowdes, then in a cleere ſkie: ſo man borne in the pride of beauty or pomp of wealth, be his honors equal with his fortunes, and he as happy as Auguſtus, yet his life hath but his limits, and that clogged with ſo many cares & croſſes, that his dayes are more full of miſeries then of pleaſures, and his diſaſter miſhaps are more then his proſperous fortunes: but if the ſtars grace him with all fauourable aſpects, and that he liue ful of content in many honors and much wealth, yet his prime hath his autum, his faire bloſſoms turnes to tawnie leaues, age will ſhake him by the ſhoulder, and nature will haue his due, that at laſt he muſt ſet with the Sun, and perhaps in ſuch a clowde of ſin, as his riſing may be in a ſtorme of ſorrowes. Thus did the Palmer meditate with himſelfe, being penitent for the follies of his youth, that at laſt thinking to bee as muſicall to himſelfe, as the birds were melodious, he chaunted out this Ode.

The penitent Palmers Ode.

Whilome in the Winters rage
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sate and thought vpon his youth,
With eyes, teares, and harts ruth,
Beeing all with cares yblent,
When he thought on yeeres miſpent,
When his follies came to minde,
How fond loue had made him blinde,
And wrapt him in a fielde of woes,
Shadowed with pleaſures ſhoes,
Then he ſighed and ſayd alas,
Man is ſinne, and fleſh is graſſe.
I thought my Miſtres haires were gold,

And in her locks my hart I folde:
Her amber treſſes were the ſight
That wrapped me in vaine delight:
Her Iuorie front, her pritie chin,
Were ſtales that drew me on to ſin:
Her ſtarrie lookes, her Chriſtall eyes,
Brighter then the Sunnes ariſe:
Sparkling pleaſing flames of fire,
Yoakt my thoughts and my deſire,
That I gan cry ere I blin,
Oh her eyes are paths to ſin.
Her face was faire, her breath was ſweet,
All her lookes for loue was meete:
But loue is folly this I know,
And beauty fadeth like to ſnow,
Oh why ſhould man delight in pride
Whoſe bloſſome like a dew doth glide:
VVhen theſe ſuppoſes touche my thought,
That world was vaine, and beautie nought,
I gan to ſigh and ſay alas,
Man is ſinne, and fleſh is graſſe.

The Palmer hauing ended this Ode, ſate in a great dump in the garden, when his Hoſt accompanied with his wife, deſirous to heare out Franceſcos fortune, were come into the place & gaue him the bon iorno thus. Courteous Palmer, a kinde ſalute to waken you from your mornings meditation, I ſee you keepe the prouerbe for a principle, to bed with the Hen & vp with the Lark: no ſoner the Sunnes in the ſkie but you are at your Diſons, either ruminating paſſions or penance, either ſom old remẽbrance or ſome newe reuerſe. Howſoeuer (gentle Palmer) tis no manners to enter too farre into your thoughts, and therefore leauing your ſecrets to your ſelfe, *Come ſtato la voſtra ſignioria a queſt amatina* The Palmer that had learned a little broken Italian, ſeing his honeſt hoſt in ſuch a merry mode, made this anſwer. *Io ſto benſignior diu mercè ringratiandoui ſonnamenti di voſtra grande corteſia*, holding it fit for my fortunes to haue many cares and little ſleepe, that my penance may bee great ſith my ſinnes are many: long

ſlumbers are for ſole perſons, not for penitent Palmers, & ſweete dreams are no inſtances of harty deuotion, therefore do I watch with the mouſe to argue my ſelfe miſerable, and enioyne my ſelfe to much paines, becauſe I am cumbred with many paſſions.

This morning entring into this garden, I ſaw by the works of nature the courſe of ỹ world: for when I ſawe Floras glory ſhut vp in the folds of Iris frownes, I began to conſider that ỹ pride of man was like the pomp of a flower, that to day glories in the field and to morrow is in the fornace: that we be like the flies Hemeræ, that take life with the Sunne and die with the deaw: that our honors are compared to the bloſſomes of a Cedar, which baniſh, ere they begin to burniſh, & all our triumphs like caracters written in ſnow, that printed in a vapour, at the leaſt Sunne ſhine diſcouer our vanitie, for they are as ſoone melted as our pleaſures are momentarie. Tied by Fates to this tickle ſtate, we haue nothing more certaine than to dye, nor nothing more vncertaine than the houre of death: and therefore when I call to minde the follies of my youth, how they haue bẽ tickled with vice, I couet in the flower of my yeres to repent and amend: for

Numquam ſera eſt, ad bonos mores via.

You do well ſir (quoth the Gentleman) in all your actions to conſider the end: for he that forerepents, ſhuns many perils. Had I wiſt is a great faulte, and after wits are bitten with many ſorrowes, therefore ſuch as grieue at their follies, and couet to preuent dangerous fortunes, they which take an antidot of grace againſt the deadly aconiton of ſinne, and with preſent remorſe preuent enſuing vanities: ſuch indeede, as they liue well, ſhall dye bleſſed. But leauing this humour till another time, you may ſee by our early riſing how my wife and I were delighted with your euenings parlie: for truſt me ſir, deſire of Franceſcoes further fortunes made vs thus watchful, and therfore ſeeing the morning is gray and our longing great, and yet a good while to breakfaſt, if your leiſure may afford ſo much, I pray you ſit downe and tell vs what was the end of his loues, and ỹ effects of his repentance. The Palmer very willing to pleaſure his courteous hoſt, ſat him downe in an Arbour, and began thus.

The Palmers tale of Francesco.

AS soone as Francesco awakt from his slumber, and began to enter further into the consideration of Infidas cousenage, hys hart throbd at his follies, and a present passion of his great misfortunes so payned him, that all perplexed hee beganne againe to sing his former song, and to say that womens thoughts were like to the leaues of a Date tree that change colours with the wind, in a moment figuring out sorrowe with teares, and in that instant deciphering pleasure with smiles: neither too resolute with the Stoicks to yeld to no passions, nor to absolute with the Essieni to surfet with ouermuch chastitie: their desires (quoth he) resemble Eolus forehead, that next euery storme containes a calme: theyr dades are like Almanacks that decipher nothing but uncertaintie: either too scrupulous with Daphne to contemne all, or too voluptuous with Venus to desire all: and straight neither flesh nor fish as the Pompus, but time pleasures, to content theselues with variety of fancies. In this humorous melancholie he arose vp and ranged about the citie, despayring of his estate as a man penilesse, and therfore impatient because he knewe not how to redresse his miseries: to relie vpon the help of a Curtizan, hee saw by experience was to hange hope in the ayre: to stande vpon the fauour of friends, that was boteleste: for he had few in the Citty, as being but a stranger there, & such as he had were wone with an Apple, trencher friends, and therfore to be left with the puffe of the least blast of aduersities. To goe home to his wife to faire *Isabel*, that was as hard a censure as the sentence of death: for shame of hys follies made him ashamed to shew his face to a woman of so high desarts. In this perplexitie he passed ouer three or foure dayes, till his purse was cleane empty, his score great, and his hostes would trust him for no more money, but threatned him if present payment were not made, to lay him in prison. This newes was hard to Francesco, that knew not how to auoyde the preiudice, only his refuge was to preuent such a mis-fortune to carry his apparell to the brokers, & with great losse to make money to pay for his diet: which once discharged, hee walkt vp & downe as a man forlorne, hauing neither coyne nor credite. Necessity that stingeth vnto the quick, made him set his wits on the tenter, & to stretch his braines

as high as Ela, to ſée how hee coulde recouer pence to defray his charges by any ſiniſter meanes to ſalue his ſorrowes: the cars of his parents & of his owne honor perſwaded him from making gaine by labour: he had neuer bẽ brought vp to any mechanicall courſe of life. Thus euery way deſtitute of meanes to line he ſight out this old ſaide ſawe, *Miſerrimum eſt fuiſſe beatum*: yet at laſt, as extreamities ſearch very farre, he called to mind that hée was a ſcholler, and that although in theſe dayes Arte wanted honor, and learning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought to ſo lowe an ebbe, but that there might ſome profit ariſe by them to procure his maintenance. In this humour he fell in amongſt a company of Plaiers, who perſwaded him to try his wit in writing of Comedies, Tragedies, or Paſtorals, and if hee could performe any thing worth the ſtage, thẽ they would largely reward him for his paines. Franceſ. glad of this motion, ſéeing a meanes to mitigate the extremitie of his want thought it no diſhonor to make gaine of his wit, or to get profit by his pen: and therefore getting him home to his chamber writ a Comedie, which ſo generally pleaſed all the audience, that happy were thoſe Actors in ſhort time that could get any of his workes, he grew ſo exquiſite in that facultie. By this meanes his want was relæued, his credit in his hoſts houſe recouered, his apparell in greater brauerie then was, and his purſe well lined with Crownes.

At this diſcourſe of Franceſco, the Gentleman toke his gueſt by the hand and broke off his tale thus. Now gentle Palmer, ſéeing we are fallen by courſe of prattle to parlie of Playes, if without offence do me that fauour to ſhewe mée your iudgement of Playes, Playmakers & Players. Although (quoth the Palmer) that ſome for béeing too lauiſh againſt that facultie, haue for their ſatirical inuectiues bẽn wel cannaſed, yet ſéeing here is none but our ſelues, and that I hope what you heare ſhall be troden vnder foote, I wil flatlie ſay what I can both euen by reading and experience. The inuention of Comedies were firſt found amongſt the Greekes, and practiſed at Athens: ſome thinke by Menander, whom Terence ſo highly commends in his Heautonti morumenon. The reaſon was, that vnder the couert of ſuch pleaſant and Comicall euents, they aymed at the ouerthrowe of many vanities that then raigned in the Cittie: for therein they painted out

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in the persons the course of the world, how either it was graced with honor, or discredited with vices: There might you see leueld out the vaine life that boasting Thrases vse, smoothed vp with the selfe conceit of theyr owne excellence, the miserable estate of couetous parents, that rather let their sons taste of any misfortunes, than to relieue them with ỹ superfluity of their wealth: the pourtraiture of parasiticall friends, which soth yong Gentlemen subtilly in theyr follies, as long as they may: *Ex eorum sullo viuere* was set out in liuely colours. In those Comedies the abuse of Bawdes that made sale of honest virgins, and liued by the spoyle of womens honors, was deeply discouered. To be short, Lechery, Couetousnesse, Pride, selfe-loue, disobedience of parents, and such vices predominant both in age and youth were shot at, not onely with examples & instances to feede the eye, but with golden sentences of morrall words to please the eare. Thus did Menander win honor in Greece with his works, and reclaime both old and young for their vanities by the pleasant effects of his Comedies. After him this facultie grew to be famous in Rome, practised by Plautus, Terence, and other that excelled in this qualitie, all ayming as Menander did in all their works to suppresse vice & aduance vertue. Nowe so highly were Comedies esteemed in those dayes, ỹ men of great honor & graue account were the Actors, the Senate and the Consuls continuallie present, as auditors at all such sports, rewarding the Author with rich rewards, according to the excellencie of the Comedie. Thus continued this facultie famous, till couetousnesse crept into the qualitie, and that meane men greedy of gaines did fall to practise the acting of such playes, and in the Theater presented theyr Comedies but to such onelie as rewarded them well for their paines: when thus Comedians grew to be mercinaries, then men of account left to practise such pastimes, and disdained to haue their honors blemisht with the staine of such base & vile gaines: insomuch that both Comedies and Tragedies grewe to lesse account in Rome, in that the free sight of such sports was taken away by coustous desires: yet the people (who are delighted with such nouelties & pastimes) made great resort, paid largely, and highly applauded their owings, in so much that the Actors by continuall vse grewe not onely excellent, but rich and insolent. Amongst whom in the daies of Tully

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one Roſcius grewe to be of ſuch exquiſit perfection in the faculty, that hee offered to contende with the Orators of that time in geſture, as they did in eloquence: boaſting that he coulde expreſſe a paſſion in as many ſundry actions, as Tully could diſcourſe it in varietie of phraſes: yea ſo proude he grew by the daily applauſe of people, that he loked for honour and reuerence to bee done him in the ſtreetes: which ſelfe conceite when Tully entred into with a pearcing inſight, he quipt at this manner.

It chanced that Roſcius and he met at dinner, both gueſts vnto Archias the Poet, where the proude Comedian dared to make compariſon with Tully: which inſolence made the learned Orator to grow into theſe termes: why Roſcius art thou proud with Eſops Crow, beeing pranct with the glory of others feathers: of thy ſelfe thou canſt ſay nothing, and if ỳ Cobler hath taught thee to ſay, Aue Cæſar, diſdaine not thy tutor, becauſe thou prateſt in a Kings chamber: what ſentence thou vtereſt on the ſtage, flowes from the cenſure of our wittes, and what ſentence or conceit of the inuention the people applaud for excellent, that comes from the ſecrets of our knowledge. I grant your action, though it bee a kind of mechanicall labour, yet well done tis woorthy of prayſe: but you woorthleſſe, if for ſo ſmall a toy you ware proud. At this Roſcius wart red, and betrayed his imperfection with ſilence: but this check of Tully, could not keepe others from the blemiſh of that fault, for it grew to a generall vice among the Actors, to excell in pride as they did exceed in excellencie, & to braue it in the ſtreets, as they brag it on the ſtage: ſo that they reueld it in Rome in ſuch coſtly roabes, that they ſeemed rather men of great patrimonie, then ſuch as liued by the fauour of the people. Which Publius Seruilius very well noted, for hee being the ſonne of a Senatour, and a man very valiant, met on a day with a Player in the ſtreets richly apparrelled, who ſo farre forgate himſelfe, that hee tooke the wall of the young noble man, which Seruilius taking in diſdain, counterchecke with this frump: My friend (quoth he) be not ſo brag of thy ſilken roabes, for I ſaw them but yeſterday make a great ſhew in a brokers ſhop. At this the one was aſhamed, and the other ſmild, and they which heard the quip, laught at the folly of the one and the wit of the other. Thus ſir haue you heard my opinion briefely of players, that Menander deuiſed then

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for the suppressing of vanities, necessary in a common wealth, as long as they are vsed in their right kind, the play makers worthy of honour for their Art: and players, men deseruing both prayse and profite, as long as they way neither couetous nor insolent. I haue caused you sir (quoth the gentleman) to make a large digression, but you haue resolued me in a matter that I long doubted of: and therefore I pray you againe to Francesco. Why then thus quoth the Palmer: after he grew excellent for making of Comedies, he wart not onely braue, but full of Crownes: which Infida hearing of, & hauing intelligence what course of life he did take, thought to cast forth her lure to exclaime him, though by her vnkindnes he was proued haggard: for she thought that Francesco, was such a tame fole that he would be brought to strike at any stale, decking her selfe therefore as gorgiously as she could, painting her face with the choyce of all her drugs, she walked abroad where she thought Francesco, vsed to take the ayre. Loue and Fortune ioyning in league so fauoured her, that according to her desire she met him. At which encounter I gesse, more for shame then loue she blusht: and fild her countenance with such repentant remorse (yet hauing her lookes full of amorous glaunces) that she seemed like Venus, reconciling her selfe to froward Mars. The sight of Infida was pleasing in the eyes of Francesco, and almost as deadly as the Basiliske: that had he not had about him Moly as Vlisses, he had beene inchaunted by the charmes of that wily Circes: but the abuse so stuck in his stomack that she had proferd him in his extreamity, that he returned all her glaunces with a frowne, and so parted. Infida was not amated with his angry mode, as one that thought loues furnace of force to heat the coldest Amatist, and the sweet words of a woman as able to draw on desire, as the Syrens melody the passengers. What (quoth she) though for a while he be cholerick, Beauty is able to quench the flame, as it sets harts on fire: as Helens faults angred Paris, so her fauours pleased Paris: though she were false to Menalus, yet her faire made him breake her follies: Women are priuiledged to haue their words and their wils, & whom they kill with a frowne they can reuiue with a smile. Mush Francesco is not froward, but he may be woone, hee is no Saturnist to beare anger long, he is sone hot and sone cold, cholerick and kind harted: who though

he be ſcolded away with bitter words, he wil be reclaimed again with ſweet kiſſes: a womans teares are Adamant, and men are no harder then Iron, and therefore may be drawne to pitty their paſſions. I wil faine, flatter, and what not, to get againe my Franceſco: for his purſe is full, and my cofers wax empty. In this humor taking pen and paper, ſhe writ a letter to him to this effect.

Infida to Franceſco what he wants in health or wealth.

IF my outward penance (Franceſco) could diſcouer my inward paſſions, my ſighs bewray my ſorrowes, or my countenance my miſeries, then ſhould I ſeeme the moſt deſolate of all, as I am moſt diſtreſt of all, & the furrowes in my face be numberleſſe, as the griefes of my hart are matchleſſe: But as the feathers of the Halciones gliſter moſt againſt the ſorreſt ſtorme, & Nylus is moſt calme againſt a deluge: ſo the ſorrowes of my mind are ſo great, that they ſmother inwardly, though they make no outward apearance of miſhap. All theſe miſeries Franceſco grow from the conſideration of mine own diſcurteſies: for when I think of thy conſtancy, thy faith, thy feature, and thy beauty, and weigh with my ſelfe how all theſe vowed vnto Infida, they were loſt by the diſloialty of Infida: I call it in queſtion, whether I had better diſpaire and die, or in hope of thy fauour linger out my life. Penance of free wil merits pardons of courſe, and griefes that grow from remorſe, deſerue to be ſalued with ruth. I confeſſe Franceſco that I wronged thee, & therfore I am wrong at the hart: but ſo doth the Idea of thy perfection, and the excellence of thy vertues frame a reſtleſſe paſſion in my heart, that although thou ſhouldſt vow to loath me, I can not ceaſe to loue thee. Oh conſider, women haue their faults & act ỳ in an houre which they repent al their life after. Though Mars & Venus brabled, they were friends after brawls, for a Louers iar ought not to be a perpetuall diſcord but like a ſun-ſhine ſhower, that be it neuer ſo ſharp is accounted no ſtorm: forgiue & forget Franceſco then hartily, that I repent ſo deepely: grace thy Infida againe with one ſmile, eaſe her impatient paſſions with thy ſweet preſence: & aſſure thy ſelf ſhe wil ſatiſfie with loue, what ſhe hath offended with folly. Bones that are broken & after ſet againe, are the more ſtronger: Where the Beech-tree is cut,

cut, there it growes moſt hard: reconciled friendſhip is the ſwéteſt amity. Then be friends with thy Infida: looke on her, and but viſit her: and if ſhe win not thy loue with her words, & ſhew her ſelfe ſo penitent that thou ſhalt pardon: then let her periſh in her owne miſfortunes, and die for want of thy fauour. Farwel.

Thine euer diſpairing Infida.

THis letter ſhe ſealed vp and ſent it by a ſecret friend to Franceſco: who at the firſt, knowing from whence it came, would ſcarcely receiue it: yet at laſt willing to heare what humor had made the Curtizan write vnto him: he broke ope the ſeales, and read the former contents: which when he had throughly peruſed, he found him ſelfe perplexed: for the cunning of her flattery made the poore man paſſionate. In ſo much that ſitting downe with the letter in his hand: he began thus to meditate with himſelf. Why doſt thou vouchſafe Franceſco to looke on her letters that is ſo lewd, to view her lines that are powdred with flattery, to heare her charmes that ſéekes thy preiudice, to liſten to ſuch a Caliſo that aimes only at thy ſubſtance, not at thy perſon?

While thou wert poore her forehead was full of frownes, and in ſtead of the flowres of diſdaine: but when ſhe ſées thou haſt feathered thy neſt, and haſt crownes in thy purſe, ſhe would play the Boſſe-leach to ſuck away thy wealth: and now would ſhe be thy harts gold, while ſhe left thée not one dram of gold. My Franceſco, ſhe hides her clawes, but lookes for her pray with the Tyger, ſhe weepes with the Crocodile, and ſmiles with the Hiena, and flatters with the Panther, and vnder the couert of a ſugred bait, ſhrowds the intent of thy bane. Knoweſt thou not that as the Parble drops againſt raine, ſo their teares foreepoynt miſchiefe, that the fauours of a Curtizan are like the ſongs of the Graſhopper, that euer foretell ſome fatall diſparagement.

Beware then Franceſco (*Piſcator ictus ſaput*) ſhe hath once burnt thée, feare fire with the child, ſhe hath croſt thée with diſdaine, couet not with deſire: hate her, for in loathing ſuch a one thou loueſt thy God. Return not with the dog to the vomit, wallow not with ſwine in the myre, forſée not the beſt and follow the worſt. And yet Franceſco truſt me ſhee is faire, beautifull, and wiſe: I but with that a Curtizan: perhaps ſhe wil now loue thée faithfully,

if she doe, fond man, is not her harty liking hatefull lust: dangerous to the body, and damnation to the soule. Tis a saying not so common as true, that hee which loketh continually against the Sunne shall at last bee blinde, that who so handleth pitch must needes be defiled, the tree that abideth manie blasts at last falleth by the Carpenters axe, the bird that striketh at every stale cannot long escape the snare, so long goeth the pitcher to the Broke, that at last it comes broken home, & he that securely swimmeth in sinne shall surely be drowned in iniquity, who so bindeth two sinnes together shall neuer be unreuenged in the one, and he that delighteth to offend in youth, shal no doubt feele the punishment. *Quod defertur non aufertur*. Though God for a time suffer a man to wallow in his owne wickednes, & to say unto his soule, Tush the Lord regardeth not the way of sinners, nor suspecteth the milldeeds of men, he is slow to wrath & proane to pitty: yet the Lord at last loketh downe from heauen and reuengeth all his grieuous sinnes with a heauy plague, yea he roteth him out from the face of the earth and his place is no more seene. Consider then Francesco, if the Lord suffer thee in thine iniquity and deferre present punishment, it is because thy mercy may seeme the more, and thy sinne the greater. He that hath the dropsie, drinketh while he bursteth and yet not satisfied: the Horse-leach hath two daughters that neuer cry enough: who so is stung with the Serpent Dipsas burneth, but can neuer be cooled, and who so is inflamed with sin thirsteth continually after wickednes, untill he hath supped the dregs of Gods displeasure, to his owne destruction. Beware by this, fall not into the trap, when thou seest the traine: for knowing the sinne, if thou offendest against thy owne conscience: the Lord will send upon thee curling, trouble and shame in all thou settest thy hand unto, and will not cease to reuenge untill thou perish from off the face of the earth. Oh hast thou not at home an Isabel, that is the wife of thy youth, and the onely friend of thy bosome, indued with such exquisite beauty and perceiving vertue, that it is hard to iudge whether the pure complexion of her body, or the perfect constitution of her mind, holds the supremacy. And is not a peaceable woman and of a good heart the gift of the Lord? There is nothing so much worth as a woman well instructed, a chaste and faithfull woman is a double grace, and there is no

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treasure to be compared to her continent mind: but as the glitte-ring beames of the Sun when it ariseth, decketh the heauen: so the beauty of a good wife adorneth the house: and as golden pil-lers doe shine vpon the sockets of siluer, so doth a faire face in a vertuous mind. Shall the feare of God then Francesco be so farre from thine eyes as to leaue thine owne wife and imbrace a Cur-tizan, to leaue the law of God, and suffer thy hart to be subuerted by lust. The Lyon so abhorreth this crime, as he killeth the Ly-ones, for committing this fact. The Stork neuer medleth but with his mate. The Iacinth stone wil not be worne on the finger of an aduiterer, nor the Olive grow, if planted by one that leadeth his life in vnlawfull lusts: and wilt thou shewe thy selfe more care-lesse in this crime than brute beasts, more reckelesse then vnreaso-nable creatures, more senceleſse than stones: yea far lesse in ver-tue than a man, and far more in vice than a beast. Then wil the Lord loke downe from heauen, & plague thee with a heauy curse. At this clause standing a great while in a maze, at the last hee slept to his standish and wrote this answer.

Francesco wisheth to Infida remorse of conscience, and regard of honesty.

I Haue reade thy letters Infida, wherein I hoped to haue found more honesty and lesse vanity: a signe of better thoughts and lines of more remorse: else had I left them sealed, as I couet to leaue thee vnseene. But I perceiue as no time will alter the Pan-ther from his spots, the Mouse from her feare, nor the Tyger frō his fiercenes: so neither date nor reason will change the conditi-ons of a Curtizan. Thou writest thou hast not liberty enough to sinne, enioyned by some ouerthwart neighbour to be more honest than thou wouldest be, which is as great penance to one of thy trade, as a long pilgrimage to a sorrowfull Palmer. A teare in a strumpets eye, is like heate drops in a bright sun shine: as much to be pitied, as the Crocodile whē she weeps, a Curtizans laugh-ter is like to lightning, that beautifies the heauen for a blaze, but foreruns stormes and thunder. Art thou in loue with Francesco, marry gep Giglet, thy loue sits on thy tongs end, ready to leape off as soone as thy mouth opens: and thine honesty hangs at thine eye, which falls away with euery wink: thou art enueigled with

my beauty, that is becauſe thou heareſt I haue a rich purſe, not a faire face: for thou valueſt as much of beauty without pence, as a horſe of a faire ſtable without prouender. Thou art entitled by my vertues, I wonder how that word vertue comes in thy mouth, when it ſo far from thy hart: and yet no meruaile, for the moſt infectious ſerpents haue ſweeteſt breaths: and commoneſt Curtizans, the moſt courteous ſpeeches.

Thou wouldeſt haue me grace thee with my preſence, and renue our old friendſhip: ſo I wil, when I meane to giue my body to the Chirurgeon, and my ſoule to the deuil: for in louing thee, I muſt needs graunt this Legacy. Thy reaſon is, that bones once broken, vnited againe, are the ſtrongeſt: I would thy neck might make the experience, and then I would truſt the inſtance. But why peſter I ſo much paper to ſo lewd a perſon? as I found thee at the firſt, I leaue thee at the laſt, euen empty gorgd to baite at a full purſe, incontinent, falſe, periured: as far from God as thou art friend to the deuil: and ſo adue.

Franceſco penitent, and therefore a perſecutor to Curtizans.

AFter he had written this letter he ſent to Infida, who reading it, and ſeeing ſhe could get no fauour at the hands of Franceſco: that wrought ſhe neuer ſo ſubtilly, yet her traines were diſcouered, that her painted lures could not make him ſtoope, ſo had he with reaſon refelled his former folly: when ſhe perceiued (I ſay) that all her ſweet potions were found to be poyſons, though ſhe couered them neuer ſo clarkly: ſhe fell not in diſpaire with ouermuch loue, but ſwore in her ſelf to intend him ſome ſecret prejudice, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it; but leauing her to the Iuſtice of him that poyſeth the deeds of ſuch impenitent perſons in his ballance, and committing Franceſco to the making of ſome ſtrange Comedy, I will ſhew you how Fortune made an aſſault to the vnfaigned affection of faire Iſabel.

The diſcourſe of Iſabels Fortunes.

ISabel liuing thus penſiue in that ſhee wanted the preſence of Franceſco, yet for her patience and vertue grewe ſo famous, that all Caerbranck talked of her perfections: her beauty was admired of euery eye, her qualities applauded in euery mans eare, that ſhe was eſteemed for a patterne of vertuous excellence

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throughout the whole Citty. Amongst the rest that censured of her curious fauours, there was one Signor Bernardo a Bourgomaister of the Citty, who chaunsing on a time to passe by the doze where Isabel soiourned, seing so swet a Saint, began to fall enamoured of so faire an obiect: and although he was olde, yet the fire of lust crept into his eyes and so enflamed his hart, that with a disordinate desire he began to affect her: but the renowme of her chastity was such, that it almost quatted those sparks that heated him on to such lawlesse affection. But yet when he called to mind that want was a great stumbling blocke, and sawe the necessity that Isabel was in, by the absence of Francesco, he thought golde would be a ready meanes to gaine a womans good wil, and therfore dispaired not of obtayning his purpose. After that this Signor Bernardo had wel noted the exquisite perfection of her body, and how she was adorned with most speciall gifts of nature, he was so snared with the fetters of lasciuious concupiscence, as reason could not redresse what lust had ingrafted: his aged yeares yelded vnto vanity, so he turned away his mind from God, and durst not lift vp his eyes vnto heauen, least it should be a witnes of his wickednes, or a corasiue to his guilty conscience: for the remembrance of God is a terrour to the vnrighteous, and the sight of his creatures is a sting to the minde of the reprobate. He therefore seing his deuilish heart to be perplexed with such hellish passions, carelesly cast off the feare of God from before her eyes, neither remembring that he was an elder to giue good counsaile, nor a Iudge in the Citty to minister right: his hoary haires could not hale him from sinne, nor his calling conuert him from filthines, but he greedily drunk vp the dregs of vnrighteousnes, and carefully busied his braines to oppresse the simple: and to obtaine his purpose layde his plot thus. Being the chiefe Bourgomaister in all the Citty, hee determined to make a priuy search for some suspected person: and being maister of the watch him selfe, to goe vp into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire, so he thought to ioyne loue and opportunity in one vnion, and with his office and his age to wipe out all suspition. Age is a crowne of glory when it is adorned with righteousnes, but the dregges of dishonour when it is mingled with mischiefe: for honorable age consisteth not in the tearme of yeares, nor is not measured by the

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date of a mans daies, but godly wisedom is the gray haire, and an vndefiled life is the old age. The Herbgrace the older it is, the rancker smell it hath: the Sea-starre is most black being old, the Eagle the more yeres, the more crooked is her bill: and the greater age in wicked men, the more vnrighteousnesse: which thys Signor Bernardo tried true: for desire made him hate delay, and therefore within two or three nights, picking out a watch answerable to his wish, he himselfe (as if it had bin some matter of great import) went abroade and to colour his folly with the bitter shadow, he searched diuers houses, & at last came to the place where Isabel lay, charging the host to rise and to shewe him her chamber, for (quoth he) I must confer with her of most secret affaires. The good man of the house obeyed willingly, as one that held Bernardo in great reuerence, and brought him & the watch to the Chamber doore. Bernardo taking a candle in his hand, bad them all depart till he had talked with the Gentlewoman, which they did, and he entring in shutting the doore, founde her fast on sleepe, which sight draue the old Lecher into a maze: for there seeing nature in her pride, lust inueagled him the more that he sate on the bedside a great while viewing of her beauty: at last starting vp, hee awakt her out of a sweet slumber. Isabel looking vp, and seeing one of the Burgomasters in the chamber, (for Bernardo was knowne for his grauity & wealth of euery one in the Cittie) shee was amazed: yet gathering her wits together, raysing her vp on her pillow, shee did him all the dutifull reuerence shee might, wondring what winde should driue him into y place: at last the old churle began to assaile her thus.

Bernardos discourse to Isabel.

BE not amazed (faire Gentlewoman) to see me thus suddainly and secretly arriued, neyther let my presence appale your sences: for I come not cruelly as a foe, but curteously as a friende if my comming seeme strange, the cause is as straight, and where necessitie forceth, there it is hard to striue against the streame, he that seeketh to way against his owne will, oftentimes kicketh against the prick: and he that striueth to withstand loue, hoppeth against the hill. These things considered (Mistresse Isabel,) if I offend in being too bold, your beauty shal beare the blame, as the

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onely cause of this enterprise: for to omit all circumstances and to come to the matter, so it is, that since first mine eye fed of your sweet sauour, I haue beene so perplexed with the passions of loue, and haue been so deeply drowned in the desire of your person, that there is no torment so terrible, no paine so pinching, no woe so grieuous, as the griefe that hath griped me since I burnt in loue of your sweet selfe: sith therefore my liking is such, let my liking be repaide againe with loue: let my firme fancie be requited with mutuall affection, and in lieu of my good will consent vnto me, & be my Paramour. That sin which is secretly committed is halfe pardoned: shee liueth chastly enough that liueth charily. The chamber doore is shut, no man either can detect vs of any crime or dare suspect vs of any folly. The credit which I carry in the Citie shall be sufficient to shrowde you from shame: my office shall be able to defend you from mistrust, and my gray haires a pumice stone to race out all suspition, and by this small offence (*Isabel*) thou shalt both content me, and purchase to thy selfe such a dutiful friend, as in all seruice thou maist command, not onely readie to countenance thee with his credite, but to furnish al thy wants with his coyne: for what treasure and gold I haue shall be thine to vse. *Isabel* hearing this subtile serpent to breathe out such wilie reasons, wondred to see a man of his calling so blinded with the bale of lasciuious lust, as to blaspheme so diuelishly against hys owne conscience, insomuch that for a good space shee sate astonished, vntill at last gathering her wits together, she burst forth into these speeches.

Isabels reply to Bernardo.

TIs a saying (Signor Bernardo) both olde and true, that who so sinneth against his Conscience, sinneth against his owne soule: and he that knoweth the lawe and wilfully disobeyeth, is worthy to be beaten with many stripes: which sentence of holy Writ, I wish you to consider, and it will be a sufficient cooling carde to your inordinate desire. Hath God placed you as a Burgomaster of this Citty, and so a Iudge ouer his people to punish sinne, and will you maintaine wickednesse? Is it your office to vphold the Law, and will you destroy it? Nay, are you cõmaunded to cut off this sinne with infamie, and yet will you perswade a woman to defile her husbands bed? Is it your dutie to driue vs

from all vncleane luſt, and will you draw mee to ſuch follie? Is this the office of a Burgomaſter, or becõmeth ſuch thoughtes to the minde of an Elder? Doth the ſommons of death appeare in your gray head, & yet fleſhly deſires raigne in your hart? Doth thine olde age impart a clẽre conſcience, and your inward appetite fraught with concupiſcence? Oh howe pleaſant a thing is it where gray headed men miniſter iudgement, and the Elders can giue good counſaile: but how perilous a thing is it for the ruler to be vnrighteous, or the Iudge of the people to delight in ſinne? Such a man ſhall haue coales heaped vpon his head, & the wrath of the Lord ſhall conſume his heritage. Three ſorts of men the Lord hateth and he vtterly abhorreth the life of them, a poore man that is proude, a rich man that is a lyer, and an old adulterer that doateth and is vnchaſt. Haſt thou then (Signor Bernardo) ſo ſold thy ſelfe vnto ſinne, and ſworne to worke wickednes, that thou wilt prefer fading pleaſure before laſting paine: and for the fulfilling of thy filthy luſt, purchaſe perpetuall damnation. But putcaſe I were ſo careleſſe of mine honour and honeſtie to yeelde to thy requeſt, ſhoulde not thy ſelfe be a witneſſe of my diſloyaltie? would not mine owne workes cry out for vengeance to plague my wickednes? Yes no doubt, after thou haſt glutted thy fancie with the lothſomneſſe of the ſinne, and the Spirit of God had touchꝺ thy heart with the pricke of the offence, thou wouldeſt both deteſt me as a mirrour of immodeſtie, and account mee for euer as a common harlot: for the Lord ſuffereth not the wicked to goe vnrewarded. She (ſaith the wiſeman) that is common, & not content in her loue, and yeeldeth that which is proper to her huſband into the poſſeſſion of another man, diſobeyeth the Law, maketh breach of her plighted troth, and laſtly plaieth the whore in moſt helliſh adultery: her children ſhall not take rote, nor her branches bring forth no frute: her name ſhall be forgotten. And ſhall I then, knowing this, wilfully worke mine owne woe?

Shall I repay the troath my huſband repoſeth in mee, with ſuch treacherie? Shal ſuch guileful diſcurteſie bee a guerdon for his goodwill? No the feare of God is a fortreſſe againſt ſuch folly: the loue that I beare to my huſband is a ſhield to fence me from ſuch ſhameleſſe fancie: and the care of mine owne honor is a cõſerue againſt ſuch lawleſſe concupiſcence. Whereas you ſay that

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ſinne ſecretly committed is halfe pardoned, and that ſhe liueth *caſte* that liueth *caute*: that the chamber doore is ſhut, that no man can eſpy our folly, and the place ſo ſecret that the offence cannot be preiudiciall to my good name. I anſwere, that I more eſteeme the wrath of God, than the words of men: that I dread more to commit ſuch a fact before the ſight of the Almighty, then before the eyes of all the world.

Man iudgeth but the body, but God the ſoule: the one being but a ſmall pinch, the other a perpetual paine. He that breaketh wedlocke and thinketh thus in his heart, who ſeeth mee, the miſty clouds haue couered me, and I am compaſſed about with a fogge of darknes: my offence ſhall not be an obiect to any mans eyes, neither can my doing be diſcerned, for I am ſhrowded within the walls, whom neede I to feare: and as for the Lord he is merciſull, and will not remember any mans ſinnes: hee is ſlowe vnto wrath, and promiſeth ſpeedily to pardon the faults of the wicked. Such a one as feareth more the eye of mortal man then the ſight of an immortal God, and knoweth not that the lookes of the Lord are ten thouſand times brighter then the beames of the Sunne, beholding the very thoughts of men, and ſearching the heart and the reynes: the ſame man ſhalbe puniſhed with earthly plagues, he ſhall ſodainly be taken in his owne trap, and ſhall fall before the face of euery man, becauſe he preferred his owne pleaſure before the feare of the Lorde. But alas, it is vnfit for the young Fawn to lead the old buck: for a blind man to be guide to him that hath his ſight: and as vnmeete for a ſimple woman to inſtruct a Bourgomaiſter and Elder of the Citty. Is it my part to exhort you vnto vertue, or rather is it not your duety to perſwade mee from vice: but I hope this proffer is but a tryall to make proofe of mine honeſty, and to ſifte at my ſecret intent: if otherwiſe, your will and your words be one, ceaſe your ſuite, for you may long gape and yet neuer gaine that you looke for. Signor Bernardo hearing Iſabel ſo cunningly to confute his concluſiue arguments, ſeeing ſhe had infringed their reaſons by the power of the law, thought to wreſt her vpon a higher pinne, and to lay ſuch a blot in her way as ſhe ſhould hardly wipe out: for although hee knew ſhe did rightly refell his folly, & partly perceaued her counſaile, coled the extreame of his deſires, yet the feare of God was

ſo farre from him, that he proſecuted his intent thus.

Signor Bernardos anſwere to Iſabels reply.

WHy? *Iſabel* (quoth he) thinkeſt thou thy painted ſpeeches, or thy hard denials ſhall preuaile againſt my pretended purpoſe? No, he is a Coward that yeeldeth at the firſt ſhote, and hee not worthy to weare the bud of beauty that is daunted with the firſt repulſe. I haue the tree in my hand & mean to inioy the fruit: I haue beaten the buſh and now wil not let the birds flie, & ſeing I haue you here alone, your ſterne lookes ſhall ſtand for no ſterling: but if you conſent, be aſſured of a moſt truſtie friend, if not, hope for no other hap but open infamy, For thou knoweſt (*Iſabel*) that a womans chiefeſt treaſure is her good name, and that ſhee which hath crackt her credite is halfe hanged: for death cuts off all miſeries, but diſcredite is the beginning of all ſorrowes.

Sith then infamie is worſe then loſſe of life, aſſure thy ſelfe I will ſting thee to the quick, for I wil preſently ſend thee to priſon, and cauſe ſome ruffian in ỳ citty to ſweare, that ſince the abſence of thy huſband Franceſco, hee hath lien with thee, and for coyne vſed thee as his Concubine: ſo ſhall I blemiſh thine honour, tye thee to ſome open puniſhment, and make thee a laughing ſtocke to the worlde, odious to thy friendes, and to line hated of thy huſband: myne office and authority, my age and honour ſhall ſhadow my pretence, and help greatly to frame thy preiudice. Seing then (faire *Iſabel*) thou ſhalt by conſent keepe the report of thy chaſtity, and by deniall gaine ſhame and reproch, ſhew thy ſelfe a wiſe woman, and of two euils chuſe the leaſt.

Iſabel hearing the miſchieuous pretence of this ſubtile lecher, and ſeeing he had ſo cunningly layd the ſnare that ſhee coulde not auoyde the trap but either ſhe muſt incur the danger of the body or the deſtruction of the ſoule, was ſo driuen into ſuch a paſſionate dilemma, that ſhe burſt forth into teares, ſighs & plaints, which ſhe blubred forth on this wiſe. Alas (quoth ſhe) moſt vile & vniuſt wretch, is the feare of God ſo farre from thy minde, that thou ſeekeſt not onely to ſacke mine honour, but to ſuck my bloode? Is it not iniury enough ỳ thou ſeekeſt to ſpoyle mine honeſtie, but that you long to ſpil my life? hath thy ſweet loue pretended ſuch bitter taſte? Is this the fruite of your fained fancie? No doubt the cauſe muſt be pernitious when the effect is ſo peſtilent. Flatter not

your

your selfe in this thy follie, nor seth not thy thoughts in thy sins, for there is a God that seth and will reuenge, and hath promised that who bindeth two sinnes together shall not be vnpunished in the one. But what auaileth it to talke of wisedom to a sole, or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate. The Charmer charme her neuer so wisely, charmes in vaine if the Adder bee deafe: and he casteth stones against the wind that seeketh to drawe the wicked from their follie: let me therfore (poore soule) more narrowly consider mine owne case, I am perplexed with diuers doubtful passions, and grieuous troubles assaileth mee on euery side: if I commit this crime though neuer so secretly, yet the Lord is *Cardignoses*, and pearceth into the very thoughts, and mine own conscience will be a continuall witnes against mee of this wickednesse: *Stipendium peccati mors*, then what other hap can I hope for but perpetuall damnation, sith the Lorde himselfe hath promised to be a swift witnes against all wilful adulterers: And if I consent not vnto this vnrighteous wretch, I am like to bee vniustlie accused of the like crime, and so shal I being guiltles, haue mine honor euer blemisht with infamie. By this meanes what a discredit shal I bring to my Parents, to my husband, and my children: the hoarie haires of my Father shall bee brought with sorrow vnto the graue, Francesco shall be ashamed to shew his face in the streetes of the Cittie, and my poore babes shall bee counted as the seede of an harlot: and yet alas I my selfe altogether sackelesse. Why my secrete offence shall preuent all his open shame: The Lord is slow to wrath, & his mercy exceedeth all his workes: He wisheth not the death of a sinner: and harty repentance pacifieth his displeasure. But oh vile wretch that I am, why do I blaspheme thus against the Lord & his lawe? Why do I breathe out these hellish speeches? Can I say I wil repent at my pleasure or shal I therefore sinne in hope because the Lord is mercifull? No no, it is better for mee to fall into thy handes and not commit the offence, then to sinne in the sight of the Lord: Shal I not rather feare God then man: and dread him more that killeth both soule and body, then him that hath power to kill the body onelie? Yet his feare shall bee thy defence. And with that she raised her selfe vp, spitted in his face, and wisht him to do his worst: whereupon he called vp the watch, and commaunded her to make her

readie, for shee should to prison. Her Host wondring what the cause should be, as a man prime to her actions and the vertue of her life, would haue giuen his word for her, that shee should the next day answere whatsoeuer should be obiected against her: but his word would not be taken, for Bernardo was full of furie and carried her away to prison: where deeply grieued, and yet smothering her sorrow with patience, shee lay the rest of the night: the next morrow, as soone as the day brake, shee cald for pen and incke, and wrote this mournfull Sonnet.

Isabels Sonnet that shee made in prison.

Veritas non querit angulos.

No storme so sharpe to rent the little Reede,
For fild it breakes though euery way it bend,
The fire may heate, but not consume the Flint,
The golde in fornace purer is indeede.
Report that fild to honor is a friend,
May many lyes against true meaning mynt:
But yet at last
Gainst slaunders blast,
Truth doth the fillie sackleſſe soule defend.

Though false reproach seekes honour to distaine
And enuy bites the bud though nere so pure:
Though lust doth seeke to blemish chast desire,
Yet truth that brookes not falshoods slanderous staine,
Nor can the spight of enuies wrath indure:
Will trie true loue from lust in iustice fire,
And mauger all
Will free from thrall
The guiltleſſe soule that sets his footing sure.

VVhere innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest minde:
VVhere chast intent is free from any misse,
Though enuy striue, yet searching time,
With peircing insight will the truth out finde,

And

And make diſcouery who the guiltie is:
For time ſtill tries
The truth from lies,
And God makes open what the world doth finde.

Veritas temporis filia.

Isabel wetting her ſonnet with teares, and pronouncing euerie line with a ſigh, ſate in a dumpe. Whilſt the fame of thys fact was ſpread abroad throughout all Caerbanck, euery man began ſundry coniectures as affection led them: her friends ſorrowing ſuſpected the cankred minde of the Burgomaſter: yet for his calling durſt not diſcouer their ſuſpition: her foes laughing ſaid, that diſſembled holineſſe was a double ſinne, that the holieſt countenaunce hath not alwayes the honeſteſt conſcience: both friende and foe notwithſtanding wondring at the ſtrange chance, ſæing her outward actions did manifeſt ſo many vertues. Well to bee briefe, Signor Bernardo aſſembled the other Burgomaſters of the towne into the common Hall, ſent for Iſabel thether, at whoſe comming (as the nature of man is deſirous of nouelties) a great preaſe of people was preſent, to heare the matter throughly cannaſed: When Iſabel was thus brought before the barre, Signor Bernardo (who had ſuborned a young man in the Cittie, ſolemnly to depoſe that hee had lien with Iſabel,) beganne his inuectiue thus. I am ſorry graue Cittizehs and inhabitants of Caerbranck that this day I am come to accuſe Iſabel, whoſe vertues hetherto hath wone her many fauours, and the outward ſhew of her good qualities hath bæne highly applauded of all men: but my conſcience conſtraines mee not to conceale ſuch hainous ſinne, nor to ſmother vp ſo great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the Iudges and Elders of the people, appointed by almighty God, choſen by the multitude, and conſtrained by the lawe, to haue no reſpect of perſons, neither to bee too rigorous to my foe, nor too partiall to my friend: but with the ballance of equity to meaſure man according to his merite, and with the ſword of iuſtice to vphold vertue, and beate downe vice: This conſidered, I am forced to diſcouer a wicked deede that this Iſabel hath committed: and that is this.

This young man here preſent, for a certaine ſumme of money compoun-

compounded to lie with Isabel, and for pence had his pleasure on her: shee alluring him with such wilie amorettes of a Curtizan, that in her company hee hath consumed all his substance: The young mans Friendes seeing his folly, and that no perswasions could dissuade him from affecting her, made complaint vnto me: whereupon I examined him, and found him not onely guiltie of the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his folly: seeing the Cittizens of Caerbrancke, such a curtizan as this may vnder the colour of holines shrowd much prejudice, and allure many of our youth to mischiefes, I thought it my duty to bring her into open infamie that she may be punished for her fault, known for a harlot, and from henceforth line despised and hated of all. For proofe that she hath lined long in this lewd kinde of life, this young man shal heere before you all make present-deposition: and with that he reacht him a Bible: whereon he swore that he had long time conuerst dishonestly with Isabel, euer since the departure of her husband. At which oath the people that were Jurours in the cause, beleeuing the protestation of Bernardo, and the deposition of the youth, presently found her guiltie: and then Bernardo and the rest of the Burgomasters gaue iudgement, that shee should presently haue some open & seuere punishment, and after be banished out of the towne. Assone as Isabel heard the censure, shee appeald for no mercy, nor abashed any wit, as one destrous of honour: but lifting vp her eyes to heauen, onely said thus. O God which sœst the secrets of all harts, and knowest all things before they come to passe, which discernest the very inwarde thoughts, and triest the hart and the reines: thou knowest that because I would not consent vnto the filthy lust of this doting lecher: nay agree by defiling my husbands bed to fulfil his fleshly desires, that he hath slandred me with a crime whereof I was neuer guiltie, & hee hath produced this younge man by a sinister subornation to periure himselfe in a fault whereas not so much as in thought I committed such a fact: he hath to satisfie his malicious mind without cause deuised this false crime. I confesse O Lord to be a most greeuous offender, and to deserue far greater punishment, but not for this deed. Heare then O Lord my prayer, and let the innocency of my case pleade before thy diuine maiestie: if it be thy will preuent practises, confound his counsels and let him which hath digged

ged the pit for others, fall into the snare himselfe. Thou hast neuer as yet O Lord left the succourles without help, but hast deliuered them which feare thee from all aduersitie: thou diddest set free Ioseph from the hands of his brethren which sought to spill his blood, and didst preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy seruant Dauid: Elizeus being besieged within Dotham, was not only freed from his foes, but also guarded about with a troupe of holy Angels: Elias was preserued from the crueltie of Iesabel, and fed with Rauens. But chefely in my case: howe mightelie didst thou shewd Susanna from the trecherie of the two Elders, in rayling vp young Daniel to maintaine her right? May who hath trusted in thy mercie, which hath come to mishap: or who hath put his hope in thee and hath suffered harme. Sooth Lord, if it be thy will thou canst disclose the deuise of this Signor Bernardo, and vnfold the follies of this false witnes: helpe then O lord, for in thee is my trust.

The people hearing the solemne protestations of sorrowfull *Isabel*, thought she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltlesse of the fact: giuing more credite to the reuerend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man countenanst out by the Burgomaster: then to the young yeres of a simple woman, supposing her speeches were more of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to cleere her of ỹ crime: and they would haue returned her backe againe vnto prison, till the day assigned for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried away, he which had accused *Isabel* start vp as a man lunatick, and cryed out vnto the people thus: I haue sinned men of Cagrbranck, I haue sinned: the thought of my present periurie is a hel to my conscience: for I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne *Isabel* without a cause, and with that he discourst at the barre howe Signor Bernardo had subborned him against the Gentlewoman, and howe in all his life before he neuer was in her company. Vpon which confession of the young man, the Burgomasters examined the matter more effectually, and found that *Isabel* was cleere, chaste, honest, & vertuous, and Bernardo was a doting lecher: whereupon they not onely amersed him in a great fine, to be payde to *Isabel*, but put him for euer after from bearing any office in the Citty.

Thus was Iſabel delinered from her enemies, and reckoned more famous for her chaſtitie through all Caerbranck. This ſtrange euent ſpread abroade through all the Countrey, and as fame flies ſwift & far, ſo at laſt it came to the eares of Franceſco: for hee ſitting in Troynouant at an Ordinarie amongſt other Gentlemen, heard this fortune of Iſabel reported at the Table for ſtrange newes by a Gentleman of Caerbranck, who brought in Iſabel for a mirrour of chaſtitie, and added this more, that ſhee was married to a Gentleman of ripe wit, good parentage, and well ſkild in the liberall Sciences, but (quoth he) an vnthrift: & one ỹ hath bẽ from his wife this fiue yeres. At this all the table condemned him as paſſing vnkinde, that coulde wrong ſo vertuous a wife with abſence. Hee was ſilent and bluſht, feeling the worme of his conſcience to wring him: & with ſuch a ſharp ſting, that aſſone as he got into his chamber, hee fell to meditate with himſelfe of the great abuſes he offered his wife, the excellence of her exteriour perfection, her beautie, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature preſented themſelues into his thoughts, that hee began not onely to be paſſing paſſionate, but deeply penitent, for rowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to ioy in his enſuing good fortunes: Now he ſaw that *Omnia ſub ſole vanitas*: that beautie without vertue was like to a glorious flower without any operation, which the Apothicaries ſet in their ſhops for to be ſeene, but aſſone as it withereth, they caſt it into the fornace as an vnprofitable weede: that the imbracings of a Curtizan ſeeme they neuer ſo ſweet, yet they were the paths to deſtruction: that their lookes were ſtales vnto death, and the foldes of their hands are fetters to ſnare men in ſinne. Now he ſaw that pride was extreame follie, for ſuch as lookt moſt high againſt the Sunne, grewe ſoneſt blinde: that Icarus caught his fall by ſoaring high: that time ill ſpent in vanitie, in ryotous company, amongſt a crew of careleſſe Caualiers, that would boaſt it in the towne, not braue it in the field, was neither to be recalled nor recompenſt. Oh Franceſco (quoth hee) howe fond haſt thou bene led away with euery looke, fed vpon with Trencher flies, eaten aliue with flatterers, giuen to looke at a Goddeſſe more then thy God, more ready to a Bowle then thy Booke, ſquaring in the ſtreetes when thou ſhouldeſt bee meditating in thy Chamber. If

thou knowest these to be extreame parts of folly, repent & amend: The Deare knowing Tamarisk is deadly to his nature, scornes to come neere the tree. The Unicorne will not brooke to rest vnder a Cytron tree, for that he holds it mortal: The Elephant will flie out of the company of a murtherer. These brute beasts auoid what nature tells them is perillous: thou huntest after those harmes with greedines, that thou knowest are preiudicial. Well Francesco, then now or else neuer away with such follies: stop at the bottome, and then it is Sero, yet let it be Serio: home to thy wife of thy youth, reconcile thy selfe to her, shee will forgiue and forget thy former fondnes, & entertaine her penitent paramour, with as great kindnes as he comes home with penance: What man, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via*. With that Francesco toke pen and paper, and wrote this.

Francescoes Sonnet, made in the prime of his penance.

VVith sweating browes I long haue ploughd the sands:
My seede was youth, my crop was endlesse care:
Repent hath sent me home with empty hands
At last, to tell how rife our follies are:
And time hath left experience to approue:
The gaine is greefe to those that traffique loue.
The silent thought of my repentant yeeres
That fill my head, haue cald me home at last:
Now loue vnmaskt a wanton wretch appeares:
Begot by guilefull thought with ouer hast,
In prime of youth a Rose, in age a weede,
That for a minutes ioy payes endlesse neede.
Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceite,
Allied to wit by want, and sorrow bought:
Farewell fond youth, long fostred in deceite:
Forgiue me Time disguised idle thought.
And Loue adiew, loe hasting to my end:
I finde no time too late for to amend.

HAuing framed this Sonnet, he gaue the Coppy to some of his friendes: making manifest to them his resolution to leaue

Troynouant, and to goe home, and by their helpe, who furnished him with such necessaries as he did want, hee in short time toke his iourny. The day of his departure was ioyful to al his friends, in so much that as many as knew of his iourney, gathered themselues together and made him a banquet: where (very merry and pleasant) they carouſt to the health of his Isabel: One amongſt the rest who loued Francesco so tenderly, toke a cup of wine in his hand, and with teares in his eyes, said thus: Francesco, I haue nothing to giue thee, being my selfe pinched with want, but some precepts of wit that I haue bought with much experience, those shalt thou haue at my hands, which if thou put in practise, thinke I haue giuen much treasure.

The farewell of a friend.

1 Let Gods worship be thy mornings worke, and his wisedom the direction of thy dayes labour.
2 Rise not without thanks, nor sleepe not without repentance.
3 Choose but a few friends & try those: for the flatterer speaks faireſt.
4 If thy wife be wise, make her thy Secretary, else locke thy thoughts in thy hart, for women are sildome silent.
5 If she be faire, be not iealous: for suspition cures not womens follies.
6 If she be wise, wrong her not: for if thou loueſt others shee will loathe thee.
7 Let the childrens nurture be their richeſt portion: for wisedome is more precious than wealth.
8 Be not proude amongſt thy poore neighbours: for a poore mans hate is perilous.
9 Nor too familiar with great men: for presumption winnes disdaine.
10 Neither be too prodigall in thy fare, nor die not indebted to thy belly, enough is a feast.
11 Be not enuious, leaſt thou fall in thine owne thoughts.
12 Vse patience, mirth, and quiet: for care is enemy to health.

And Francesco (quoth his friend) that thou mayeſt remember my precepts I drink to thee. Vpon this he pledged him, and so ioyfull and pleasant that they paſt away the time till breakfaſt was done, and then

then he gat him to horse, and then brought him a mile out of the Citty. At last, although they playd loath to depart, yet Francesco must away: but before he departed, when they were ready to shake hands, he puld out of his sleeue a Sonnet that he made and gaue them it. The effects were these.

Francescoes Sonnet called his parting blow.

REason that long in prison of my will
Hast wept thy Mistris wants and losse of time:
Thy wounted siege of honour safely clime,
To thee I yeeld as guilty of mine ill.

Loe (fettered in their teares) mine eyes are prest
To pay due homage to their natiue guide,
My wretched hart wounded with bad betide,
To craue his peace from reason, is addrest.

My thoughts ashamd since by them selues consumed
Haue done their duty to repentant wit:
Asham'd of all sweet guide I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too farre presumde.

That he whom loue and errour did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way.

Sero sed serio.

As soone as he had deliuered them the Sonnet, shaking hands, he put spurs to his horse and road onward on his iourney: within fiue dayes hee ariued at Caerbranck, where as soone as hee was lighted he went to the house where his wife soiourned, and one of the maids espying Francesco, yet knew him for all his long absence, and ranne in and told it to Isabel that her husband was at the doore: she being at work in her chamber sate as one in an extasie, vntill Francesco came vp, who at the first sight of his wife, considering the excellency of her beauty, her vertues, chastity, and other perfections, and measuring her constancy with his disloyalty, stoode as a man metamorphosed: at last he began thus. Ah Isabel, what shall I say to thy fortunes or my follies? what

rovidium that I vse to shew my penance, or discouer my sorrows, or expresse my present ioyes? for I tell thee I conceaue as great pleasure to see thee wel, as greefe in that I haue wronged thee with my absence. Night sighs (Isabel) teares, plaints, or any such exteriour passions pourtray out my inward repentance, I would shew thee the Anotomy of a most distressed man: but amongst many sorrowing thoughts there is such confusion, that superfluity of greefes stops the source of my discontent. To figure out my follies or the extremity of my fancies, were but to manifest the bad course of my life: and to rub the scar by setting out mine owne scathe: and therfore let it suffice, I repent hartily, I sorrow deply, and meane to amend and continue in the same constantly. At this Francesco stoode and wept, which Isabel seeing, conceiued by his outward greefes his secret passions, and therfore taking him about the neck, wetting his cheeks with the teares that fell from her eyes, she made him this womanly and wise answer.

What Francesco, commest thou home full of woes, or seekest thou at thy returne to make me weepe? Hast thou been long absent, & now bringest thou me a treatise of discontent? I see thou art penitent, and therfore I am like not to heare what follies are past. It sufficeth for Isabel that henceforth thou wilt loue Isabel, and vpon that condition without any more wordes welcome to Isabel. With that she smiled and wept, and in doing both together sealed vp all her contrary passions in a kisse. Many lookes past betweene them, many odde fancies and many fauours: but what they did, or how they agreed in secret that cannot I tell, but forth they came great friends out of the chamber, where Francesco was welcomed home of his wifes Host with great cheare: who to shew his kindnes the more, had prouided a solemne banquet hauing bidden many of his neighbours to supper, that they might accompany Francesco. Well, supper being done, & then sitting by the fire, the Host seeing them all in a dump, sayd, that to driue them out of their melancholy he would tell them a tale, which they all desirous of, sat silent, and he began thus.

The Hosts tale.

IN Thessaly, where Nature hath made the soyle proude with the beauty of Shepheards, there dwelled a Swayne called Se-

lador:

lador: auncient, as having age seated in his haires: and wealthy as infeoffed with great possessions: and honest, as being indued with many vertuous qualities. This Selador had to ioy him in his age a daughter of great beauty, so exquisite in her exterior feature, as no blemish might eclipse the glory that Nature bestowed in her lineaments. As thus she was faire, so was she wise, and with her wit ioyned vertue, that to behold, she was Helena: to heare Pallas, and to court a Daphne. This Damosell whose name was Mirimida, kept her Fathers sheepe, & in a scarlet petticoate, with a chaplet of flowers on her head, went euery day to the fields, where she plide the care of her fathers folds with such diligence, that shee seemed with labour to enter armes against want, & with her hands thrift to preuent her harts greefe. Using thus daily the plaines of Thessaly, the Shepheards delighted at the gaze of so excellent an obiect, & held their eyes fortunate when they might behold her feature, esteeming him happy that could lay his flocks nerest vnto her folds. Amongst the rest of all the swains that fed their thoughts on her fauours, there was one called Eurymachus, a young youth that had the pride of his yeeres triumphing in his countenance, witty and full of pleasant conceites, and that Fortune might impe with loue, and make him gracious in womens eyes, he was wealthy: for gold is the Thrisocoll of loue. This Eurymachus alwaies so plotted the course of his sheepe-walke, that he was next neighbour to Mirimida, in so much that to discouer his fancy he did her often fauours: for whē any of her Lambs went astray, or any thing grew amisse, then Eurymachus was the swaine that endeuoured by his labour to redresse euery losse. By this meanes he waxed priuate & familiar with Mirimida, which was the meanes that wrought him into a preiudiciall labyrinth: for he did so neere *accedere ad ignem*, that he did *clasciere plus quam satis*: for as none comes neere the fume of the Pistelden but he waxeth blinde, nor any touch the Salamander but he is troubled with the palsie: so none could gaze on the face of Mirimida, but they went away languishing. This did proue Eurymachus experience: for although hee knew loues fires were fatal, and did not warme but scorch: yet he ioned with the bird to flie to the flame though he burnt his wings and fell in the bush: he would not with Vlisses stop his eares, but sit & sing

with

with the Syrens: he feared no enchauntment, but carouſt with Circes, till his ouer-daring drew him into a paſſionate danger, and ſo long ſuckt in the beauty of Mirimida with his euer thirſty eyes, till his hart was fuller of paſſions, thē his eyes of affections: yet diſcouer his thoughts he durſt not, but ſmothered vp his inward paines with outward ſilence: hauing the Ouen the hotter within for that it was damd vp, & his greefs the deeper for that they were concealed. To manifeſt his malady to her he durſt not, hee thought himſelf too homly a patient for ſuch a Phiſition: to vtter his loues to another & make any his Secretary but himſelfe, he ſuppoſed was to draw in a riual to his loues. Thus was Eurymachus perplexed, till at laſt to giue a little vent to the flame, ſitting on a day on a hill, he puld forth pen & inke and wrote his fancy.

Eurymachus fancy in the prime of his affection.

When lordly Saturne in a ſable roabe,
Sat full of frownes and mourning in the Weſt,
The euening ſtarre ſcarce peept from out her lodge
And Phœbus newly gallopt to his reſt:
Euen then
Did I
Within my boate ſit in the ſilent ſtreames,
And voyd of cares as he that lies and dreames.
As Phao ſo a Ferriman I was,
The Country-laſſes ſayd I was too faire,
With eaſie toile I laboured at mine oare,
To paſſe from ſide to ſide who did repaire:
And then
Did I
For paines take pence, and Charon like tranſport
As ſoone the ſwayne as men of high import.
When want of worke did giue me leaue to reſt,
My ſport was catching of the wanton fiſh:
So did I weare the teadious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my diſh.
For why
I thought

That

That idle houres was Calenders of ruth
And time ilſpent, was preiudice to youth.
I ſcornd to loue, for were the Nimph as faire,
As ſhe that loued the beautious Latmain ſwayne,
Her face, her eyes, her treſſes nor her browes
Like Iuorie could my affection gaine:
For why
I ſayd
With high diſdaine, Loue is a baſe deſire,
And Cupids flames, why theare but watry fire.
As thus I ſate diſdaining of proude loue,
Haue ouer Ferriman there tued a boy,
And with him was a Paragon, for hue
A louely damoſell beauteous and coy,
And there
With her
A maiden, couered with a tawnie vale
Her face vnſeene for breeding louers bale
I ſtird my boate, and when I came to ſhoare
The boy was wing'd, we thought it was a wonde,
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flaſh
That runnes before the hote report of thunder:
Her ſmiles
Were ſweet,
Louely her face: was nere ſo faire a creature,
For earthly carcaſſe had a heauenly feature.
My friend (quoth ſhee) ſweete Ferriman behold
We three muſt paſſe, but not a farthing fare,
But I will giue (for I am Queene of loue)
The brighteſt laſſe thou likeſt vnto thy ſhare,
Chooſe where
Thou loueſt
Be ſhee as faire as Loues ſweet Ladie is,
Shee ſhall be thine, if that will be thy bliſſe.
With that ſhe ſmiled with ſuch a pleaſing faee,
As might haue made the marble rocke relent,
But I that triumpht in diſdaine of loue.
Bad fie on him that to fond loue was bent,

And then
Said thus
So light the Ferriman for loue doth care,
As Venus paſſe not if ſhe pay no fare.
At this a frowne ſate on her angry brow,
She winkes vpon her wanton ſonne hard by:
He from his quiuer drew a bolt of fire,
And aymd ſo right as that I pearſt mine eye.
And then
Did ſhee
Draw downe the vale that hid the virgins face,
Whoſe heauenly beauty lightned all the place.
Straight then I leand mine eare vpon mine arme
And lookt vpon the Nimph (if ſo) was faire:
Her eyes were ſtarres, and like Apollos locks,
Me thought appeard the tramels of her haire,
Thus did
I gaze
And ſuckt in beauty, till that ſweet deſire
Caſt fuell on and fer my thought on fire.
When I was lodgd within the net of loue
And that they ſaw my hart was all on flame,
The Nymph away, and with her trippes along,
The winged boy, and with her goes his dame,
Oh then
I eryed
Stay Ladies ſtay, and take nor any care,
You all ſhall paſſe, and pay no penny fare.
Away they fling, and looking coylie back,
They laugh at mee oh with a loud diſdaine.
I ſend out ſighes to ouertake the Nymphs
And teares as lures to call them backe againe:
But they
Flie thence
But I ſit in my boate, with hand on oare,
And feele a paine, but knowes not whats the ſoare.
At laſt I feele it is the flame of loue,
I ſtriue but hooteleſſe to repelle the paine,

It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it feares, it frets,
And ſtirreth paſsions throughout euery vaine,
That downe
I ſate,
And ſighing did faire Venus lawes approoue,
And ſwore, nothing ſo ſweet and ſower as loue.
Et florida punguit.

Hauing made this Canzon hee put it in his boſome, and ofte when hee was by himſelfe would read it, caſting his paſſion with viewing ỹ conceits of his owne fancie: on a day hauing brought downe his ſheepe hee eſpies Mirimida, and to her hee goes, and after his wonted ſalute ſat downe by her, and fel to ſuch chat as occaſion did miniſter, intermedling his paſſions with ſo many ſighs, and firing his eye ſo effectually vpon her face without remoue, that ſhee perceiued the Shepheard had ſwallowed Aconiton, and that there was none but ſhee that boze the Antidote. As thus ſhee noated his paſſions, ſhe eſpied a ſcrole of paper ſticking out of his boſome, which ſhe ſnatched forth and vnfolded, and perceiuing it was a Sonnet ſhee read it, and then looking earneſtlie on Eurymachus, he bluſht, and ſhee with friendly ſmile began to troſſe him with this frump. What Eurymachus, cannot wonted labours wipe away wanton Amours, noz thy ſheepes care preuent thy harts loue? I had thought fancie had not troade on thy heele, noz affection preſented any obiect to thine eye: but nowe I ſee as the Camelion cannot liue without ayze, noz the Salamander without fire, ſo men haue no quiet in their life, vnleſſe they acquaint them with loue: I ſee ſwaines are not ſuch ſwads but they haue thoughts and paſſions, and be they neuer ſo lowe, they can looke at beauty. Corydon in his gray caſſocke had his fayze Phillis, and Manalcas coulde courte Calatea in his Shepheardes cloake, and Eurymachus be hee neuer ſo homely will hazard, but at whom there lyes the queſtion.

At whom (quoth Eurymachus) ah Mirimida, at one that is to high for my thoughts, and to beautious for my fortunes: ſo that I haue ſoared with the Hobby, I ſhall bate with the Bunting: and daring with Phaeton, I ſhall drowne with Icarus: mine eye was proude, my thoughtes to forwarde; I haue ſtared at a

starre, but shall stumble at a stone, and I feare because I haue ouerlookt in loue, I shall be ouerlaide in loue. With ỹ shee sighed, and Mirimida smiled and made this reply. Why Eurymachus, a man or a mouse? what is there any Cedar so high but the slowest snaile will creep to the top: any fortune so base but wit aspire, any loue so precious but hath his prize? What Eurymachus a Cat may looke at a King, and a swaines eye hath as high a reach as a Lords looke. Vulcan in his leather sutes courted Venus in her silkes: the swaine of Latmos wooed Luna, both dared, and both had their desires. What? Loue requires not wealth but courage and parentage is not so high prizd by fancie as personage: feare not man, if thou hast lookt high, followe thy thoughts, and try loues fauours, for denial is no dishonour. Eurymachus hearing Mirimida in such an amorous humour, encouraged by her persuasions, thought now to strike while the yron was hote, and therefore taking her by the hand, began thus.

Truth Mirimida, Venus lawes are bounded with constraint, and when loue leadeth the eye, desire keepes no company: when Paris courted Helena, though she were coy and denyed, yet was she not discourteous and disdained: for shee answered thus mildly: *Nemo etenim succenset amanti.* This (Mirimida) makes mee hardie to take thee by the hande, and to say I loue Mirimida: for thou art the Sun that hath ecclipst mine eyes, & thy beautie haue I so long gazed on, ỹ as they which were wounded with Achilles Launce, could not bee healed but by the same truncheon: so thine excellence hath fettered Eurymachus, that thy courtesie must free Eurymachus. I confesse I haue lookt too high, but I excuse my presumption by thine owne principles: and if I haue dared too much, why loue alowes it. Then faire Nimph, if ỹ bee as beautifull as Venus, yet looke at blacke Vulcan: low fortunes haue high desires: if thou bee as louely as Luna, stoope to Endymeon: a swaine may be as constant as a king: Shepheards loues are loyall, for their eyes are like Emraldes that receiue but one impression, and their harts like Adamants that will turne no way but to one poynt of the heauen. Mirimida frowning at the follie of the Shepheard, cut him off thus.

If thou knewest how bad ỹ corne is Eurymachus (quoth shee) thou wouldest not put thy sickle so farre in: and seeing your harueſt

uell is like to be so little, spare labour and worde not so hard: if you haue lokte at my beauty, poor ayme is not beyond compasse, your high straines are but frumps, & so I take them: for hee that calls a Faulcon a Phenix, is but a flatterer, and such as tearme their loues Saints, are thought but to vtter wordes of course. Well, howsoeuer, if you loue me I like you, but so as Dianas fancie, was to Appollo, to be his friend in the field and his foe in the chamber, to fauour him as a huntsman, but to hate him when hee chatted of loue: so Eurymachus, so long as thou foldest thy flocks with Mirimida, thou art welcome to Mirimida, but if thou rallest forth thy lure to haue Mirimida loue, then I will leaue thee to thy folly, as one that hates to bee drawne to fancie: for knowe, that as the Olive tree will brooke no touch of steele: the Agate no heat of fire: so Mirimidas eares are not capable of any amorous perswasions: and therefore friende Eurymachus, any thing but loue, and so I leaue you.

Nay (quoth Eurymachus) and hee take her fast by the armes, if I were sure you had power as Diana had to plague me with Acteons punishment, you passe not without a little more prattle, if I anger you, tis first a preparation to a good stomacke, for choller is a friend to digestion: secondly, as the Chrisocoll & the gold by long striuing together growe to be one mettall: so by our falling out, we shall be better friends for euer: for

Amantium ira amoris redenti gratia est.

Therefore (faire Mistris) sit still and grant some fauour to him that is so pained with fancie, I will loue you though I am poore, and a King can do but so much: if you think my degree be too low for high of beauty, think of al parts the meane is the surest, & that the Shepheards gray hath lesse griefe then ỹ lordly estates: I know women must be coy, because they are Women, and they must haue time to be wonne, or els they would be thought to be wantons: therefore whatsoeuer you say now I hold it not authenticall, yet for that I would haue some hope, good Mirimida, let me see thee laugh. Shee could not but smile to see the Shepheards so pleasant, and so Eurymachus rested content, and from amorous that they fell to talke of other matters till euening grew on, and then they folded their sheepe and with a friendly farewel parted.

Eurymachus was not alone thus enamoured of the faire Mi-

rimida, but all the Shepheardes of Thessalie writ Poemes and Ditties of her beautie, and were suters to her for fauour: she like Daphne held loue in disdaine, and yet was courteous to all in any other kinde of conference. Amongst the rest, Venus (belike) willing to be pleasant, had wrapt one in ỹ labyrinth of loue called Mullidor, a fellowe that was of honest parents, but very poore, and his personage was as it had beene cast in Esops moulde, hys backe like a Lute, and his face like Thirsites, his eyes broad and tawny, his haire harshe and curled like a horse maine, his lippes were of the largest size in folio, able to furnish a Coblers shoppe with clowting leather: the only good part that he had to grace his visage was his nose, and that was conquerour like, as beaked as an Eagle: Nature hauing made so proper a stripling, thought his inward qualities should not blemish his outward excellence, and therefore to keep proportion, into his great head she put in little wit, that hee knew rather sheepe by the marke then the number, for he was neuer no good Arithmitician, and yet hee was a proper scholler and well seene in Ditties. This ruffling Shepheard amongst the rest, and more then any of the rest was enamoured of Mirimida, so that hee would often leaue his sheepe at random to passe by the fieldes where she sate, onely to feed his eye with fauour. Well, as fooles haue eyes, so they haue hearts, and those oft harbour fond desires: Loue sometimes lookes low, & will stumble on a cottage aswell as on a pallace: fooles are in extremities not easie to be perswaded from their bable, and when they begin to loue, folly whets them on to restles thoughts. So fell it out with Mullidor, for after hee had talked of the beauty of Mirimida, he grew passionate, but with great impatience, and wasted away in the dispaire of his owne desires, that he was waxen pale and wan: which his olde mother espying, meruailing to see her sonne so malcontent, for she loued him tenderly, and thought him the sweetest youth and braest young man in all Thessalie. The Crowe thinkes her foules the fairest, and the Ape accounts of his young as well featured darlings: so Calena, (for so was the old womans name) thought Mullidor no lesse, though hys eares were greater then an asse, but held him of a sweet personage and rare wit. Well, the poore old wife when her son came home at night, seeing how ill he lookt, marueild what should be the cause

of

at his suddaine change: yet because she would follow the princi-
ples of cuntry phillick, she thought to passe ouer speaking to him
till supper was done, to trie what stomache he had. Well, the
cloth was layd, and the browne loafe set on the board, Mullidor
ful of passions, sate down to his pottage & eate of his boaleful, the
old woman rumbles to the pot againe for a fresh messe. Ah mo-
ther (quoth he with a great sigh) no more broath to night: with
that she clapt her hande on her knee, and swore her boy was not
well that hee forsoke his supping, yet he fell to a peece of Bacon
that stood on the board, and a tough barley pudding: but hee rose
before the rest & gat into a corner, where folding his armes toge-
ther he sate thinking on his loue. Assone as the rest of y swaines
were vp from the table, and turning crabbes in the fire, she tooke
her sonne into the seller, & sitting down in her chaire began thus.
Sonne Mullidor, thy cheekes are leane, and thou lookst like
lenton, pale and wanne, I saw by thy stomack to night thou art
not thine owne man, thou hadst a late (God saue thee) a louelie
fat paire of cheekes, and now thou lookst like a shotten herring:
Tell me Mullidor, and feare not to tell mee, for thou tellest it to
thy mother, what ayleth thou? Is it griefe of body or of mind that
keepes thee on the holy dayes from fris king it at the foteball?
Thou art not as thou wert wont, and therefore say what thou
ayleth, and thou shalt see old women haue good counsaile.
At these speeches of his mother, Mullidor fetcht a great sighe,
and with that (being after supper) he brake wind: which Calen
hearing, oh sonne (quoth shee) tis the Collicke that troubles
thee: to bed man, to bed, and we will haue a warme potled. The
Collicke mother, no tis a disease that all the cunning Women in
the Cuntry cannot cure, and strangely it holdes mee: for some-
times it holds mee in the heade, some-whiles in mine eyes: my
hart, my hart, oh there my Mother it plates the deuill in a mo-
ter: some while it is like a frost, colde: sometimes as a fire, hot:
when I should sleepe then it makes mee wake: when I eate, it
troubles my stomache: when I am alone, it makes mee crie
right out, that I can wet one of my new lorkeram napkins with
weeping. It came to mee by a great chaunce: for as I lookt on a
faire flower, a thing I know not what crept in at mine eyes, and
came round about all my paines, and at last gate into my hart,

and

and there euer since hath remained, and there mother euer since so wringes me, that Mullidor must die, and with that hee fell on weeping. Callena seeing her sonne shed teares, fel to her hempen apron and wipt her bleared eyes, and at last demaunded of him if it were not loue. At that question hee hung downe his head and sighed. Ah my sonne (quoth she) nowe I see tis loue: for he is such a sneaking fellowe, that if he but leape in at the eyelid and dine downe into the heart, and there rests as colde as a stone, yet touch him and he will strike: for tell me Mullidor, what is shee that thou louest and will not loue thee? If shee be a woman as I am, she cannot but fancie thee: for mine eye though it be now old (and with that vp went her apron and she wipt them clear) hath beene a wanton when it was young, and would haue chosen at the first glance the properest springall in the Parish: and trust me Mullidor, but be not proude of it, when I looke on thee I find thee so lonely, that I count her worse than accurst would not chuse thee for her Paramour. With these words Mullidor beganne to smile, and troubled his mother ere she had halfe ended her tale, on this manner.

Mother, I may rightly compare the Church to a looking glasse for as a man may see himselfe in the one, and there see his proportion: so in the other the wenches eyes are a testificate: for vppon whom you see all the girles looke, her for face and face carries away the bell, and I am sure for these two yeere I neuer came into the Church and was no sooner set, but the wenches began to winke one on another to looke on me and laugh. Oh ware mother when a dogge wagges his taile, hee loues his maister, and when a wanton laughs, for my life shee is ouer the head & eares in loue. Then if my fortune serue me to bee so well thought on, why should I not venter on her I loue. It is (mother) Seladors daughter Mirimida. Nowe Gods blessing on thy heart (quoth Callena) for louing such a smugge lasse, marrie her (my sonne) and thou shalt haue my benizon in a clowte. Mirimida? marry it is no meruaile if thy cheekes are fallen for her: why, she is the fairest blossome in all the Towne: to her sonne, to her, trick thy selfe vp in thy best reparell, and make no bones of it, but on a wooing: for Womens desires, I may tell thee boy, are like childrens fancies, woon off with an Apple when they refuse an Angell.

and Mullidor take this with thée and feare not to spéde: A Womans frowne is not euer an instance of choller: if shée refuse thée outwardly, shée regards thée inwardly, and if shée shake thée vp and bid thee be packing, haue the better hope, Cats & dogges come together by scratching: if shée smile, then sonne lay to thy selfe, shée is thine, and yet Women are wilie cattel, for I haue séene a woman laugh with anger, and kisse him shée hath desired to kill: shée will be coy (Mullidor) but care not for that, tis but a thing of course: speake thou faire, promise much, praise her highly, commend her beautie aboue all, and her vertue more then al, sigh often, and shew thy selfe full of passions, and as sure as thy cap is of Woll, the wench is thine.

Mullidor hearing his mother giue such good counsaile, sayde hée would iooparde a ioynt, and the next day haue a fling at her. With that he sayde his hart was eased, and his stomacke somewhat come downe with her good perswasions: whereupon the Amery was opened, and he turned mee ouer a cantle of Chéese & went to bed. The next morning vp he rose, & his holy day roabes went on, his standyps new blackt, his cap faire brusht, & a cleane Lockeram band. Thus attyred, away flings Mullidor to ỳ fielde and carried away his shéepe and led them into the plaines where Mirimida sought to fede her flocks: comming there hee met her all alone, sitting all alone vnder a Beech tree, weaning of Nets to catch birds: as soone as Mullidor spied her, his hart leapt for ioy, and shée seeing him, laught, which was a great helpe to hys courage, that rushing roughly towards her, he sayd thus.

Mistris Mirimida, heere is wether that makes grasse plentie, and shéepe fatte: by my troth there neuer came a more plenteous yeare: and yet I haue one shéepe in my folde thats quite out of liking: and if you know the cause you would mervaile. The other day as he was grasing, he spied a spotted eaw fading before him with that he fell to gaze on her, and that so long, that hée wagged his tayle for very ioy, hée came to her, and with a shéepish curtisie douered her: the eaw was coy and butted him, which stroke him so to the hart, that casting a shéepe eye at her, away he goes, and euer since hee lies by himselfe and pines away: I pray you Mistris Mirimida what think you of this eaw? Mirimida perceiving by this simile, that little wit had oft fancies, and fooles

were within the compasse of Lones warrant: whereupon thinking to bring him into a paradice, she made this answere.

I am an ill Iudge *Mullidor*, and yet because I am a Shepardize and this is a shepish question, that the Ewe should bee the first that should bee fatted of all the flocke: and in reuenge of her crueltie, sold to the Butchor. For I tell thee *Mullidor*, shee that is cruell in loue, is like to a Rose, that pricks when it should be gathered. Say you so *Mirimida* (quoth he) then may I be the bolder to breake out my minde vnto you: for surely I am the shepe that euer since I markt your beautie, haue beene inflamed with your sweet lookes, and not daring boult out mine affection, haue pined away, as you may see by my cheekes: and refuse my foode: and you Mirimida are the Ewe that hath caught Mullidor captiue. Therefore now that I vtter howe I loue, and couet howe you should loue againe: take heed you refuse not, for if you doe by my iudgement you shall be sold to the Butcher for your crueltie. Mirimida hearing the asse ruffle in his rude eloquence, smiled to herselfe, and thought that Venus fires aswell warme the poore as the rich, and that deformity was no meanes to abridge fancy, whereupon she replied thus. Why Mullidor are you in loue, and with mee, is there none but Mirimida that can fit your eye, seeing so many beautifull damzels in Thessalie, take heed man loke before you leape, least you fall into the ditch: I am not good enough for so proper a man as your selfe, especially being his mothers eldest sonne: what Mullidor, let mee counsaile you, there are more maydes then Malkin, and the country hath such choice as may breede your better content: for mine owne part at this time to marry. Tis no matter quoth Mullidor what you say: for my mother told me, that maides at first would be coy when they are wooed, and mince it as it were a Hare ouer a mouthfull of thistles, and yet were not a whit the worse to be likte, for twas a matter of custome. Well then Mullidor quoth Mirimida, leaue off at this time to talke of loue, and hope the best: to morrowe perchance it will be better, for women are like vnto children, y will oft refuse an apple, and straight cry for the paring, & when they are most hungry, then for sullennesse fast: This Mullidor quoth she, is the frowardnes of loue. Marie then quoth he, if they haue childrens maladies, twere good to vse childrens medicines,

and

and thats a rod, for be they neuer so froward, a ierke or two wil make them forward: and if that woulde bring women to a good temper, my mother hath a stiffe cudgel, and I haue a good arme.

Thus these two past away the day, till presently they espyed a farre off a Gentleman with a Hauke on his fist, to come ryding towards them: who drawing nie and seeing so faire a Nimphe, raind his horse and stoode still, as Acteon when he gazed at Diana: at the last he alighted, and comming towardes her, saluted her thus curteously. Faire virgin when I saw such a sweet saint with such a crooked Apostle, I straight thought Venus had beene walking abroade to take the ayre with Vulcan, but assoone as mine eyes began narowly to make suruey of thy beauty, I found Venus blemisht with thy rare excellencie: happy are these sheepe that are folded by such a paragon: and happy are these Sheepheards ẏ enioy the presence of such a beauteous creature, no meruaile if Apollo became a swaine, or Mercury a Neatheard when their labours are recompenst with such loues. My selfe faire Damosell, if either my degree were worthy, or my deserts any, wold craue to haue entertainment to become your dutifull seruaunt. All this while Mirmida held downe her head and blusht: at last lifting vp her eyes full of modestie, and her face full of chastlours, such as florish out the fronts of Dianas virgins, shee made the gentleman this answere. My seruant sir (quoth she) no, your worth is far aboue my wealth, and your dignitie too high for my degree, poore cuntry Damosels must not ayme to hie at fortune nor flie too fast in desires, least looking at their feete with the peacock they let fall their plumes, and so shame at their own follies, but if my degree were so great as to entertaine such seruaunts, I must bestow vpon them some changable liuorie, to shew the varietie of their mindes: for certaine mens hearts are like to the Polipe, that will change into all collours but blewe, and theyr thoughts into all affects but constancie: in that sir, your eye dazeled and mistooke mee, for Venus, you gazde against the sunne, and so blemisht your sight, or els you haue eaten of the rootes of hemlock, that makes mens eyes conceit vnseene obiects: howsoeuer (as I take you for a Gentleman) so I take your prayse for a frumpe: and so your way lyes before you: wee must folde our flocks and you may be gone when you please. In faith quoth hee,

Oenon chose Paris for her Phere in her labours, and her fellowe in her loues: thinking the sweetest face ẏ best fayring for a gentlewomans eye: But you contrary haue got a smoakie Vulcan as Venus, to set out your excellencie: for as a Christall placed by Jeate, seemes ẏ more pure: so a beauteous Paragon shewes the more fayre, ioynd with a deformed peasant. Mullidor hearing the Gentleman thus abuse his patience, as a man conceited in his owne propernesse, and especially afore Mirimida, thwarted him thus. You maister meacocke that stande vpon the beautie of your churnmilke face: as brag with your Buzzard on your fist, as a Sow vnder an apple tree, know that we country Swaines as wee are not beholding to Nature for beautie, so we little account of fortune for any fauour: Tush man, my crookbacke harboreth more honest conditions, then thy fleering countenance, and these course suites, can fetch more pence then thy silkes: for I beleeue thou makest a sconce of the Mercers booke: thou hast made such sure entrance there, that thou wilt neuer frō thence til thou beest torne out by the eares. Goodman courtier, though we haue queasie stomackes that will hardly brooke them: and therefore me foole, be gone with your foule, or I will so belabour you, as you shall feele my fingers this fortnight: and with that Mullidor leaued vp his sheepehooke and bent his browes, so that the Gentleman giuing Mirimida the adiew, hee put spurres to his horse and went his way.

At this manly part of Mullidor, Mirimida laught hartelie, and hee tooke a great conceite, that hee had shewed himselfe such a tall man: Upon this, Mirimida gaue him a nosegay which stuck in her bosome for a fauour, which hee accepted so gratefully, as if another had giuen him a tunne of golde. Night drew on, and they folded their sheepe and departed, shee to her father, and he to olde Callena, as ioyfull a man as Paris, when hee had the promise from Venus: hee plodded on his way with his heade full of passions, and his heart full of newe thoughts, and still his eye was on the nosegay, in so much that hee stoode in a doubt whether it were Loue, or some other furie worse then Loue, that thus hincht him and pincht him: at last he fell with himselfe into this meditation. Nowe doe I perceiue that loue is a purgation, and searcheth euery veine: that though it enter at the eye, yet it runs

to the heart, and then it keepes an olde coyle, where it worketh like a Juglers bore. O Loue thou art like to a flea which biteth sore and yet leapeth away and art not to be founde: or to a pot of strong ale, that maketh a man call his father whoreson: so both of them bewitch a mans wits that he knoweth not a B. from a battledore. Infortunate Mullidor, and therfore infortunate, because thou art ouer the eares in loue, and with whom? with Mirimida: whose eyes are like to sparkes of fire, and thine like a pounde of butter, like to be melted with her beauty, and to consume with the frying flame of fancie. Ah Mullidor, her face is like to a redde and white Daisie growing in a green meddow, and thou like a Bee, that commest and suckest honie from it, and cariest it home to the hiue with a heaue and hoe: that is as much to say, as with a head ful of woes, and a hart full of sorrowes and maladies. Be of good cheare, Mirimida laughes on thee, and thou knowest a womans smile is as good to a Louer, as a sunshine day to a haymaker: she shewes thee kinde lookes, and casts many a sheepes eye at thee, which signifies that she counts the man worthy to iumpe a match with her: nay more Mullidor, she hath giuen thee a nosegay of flowers wherein as a top gallant for all the rest, is sette in Rosemary for remembrance: Ah Mullidor cheer thy selfe, feare not: loue and fortune fauors lustie lads, cowards are not friendes to affection: therfore venter, for thou hast woone her: els had shee not giuen thee this nosegay. And with this remembring himselfe he start vp, left off his amorous passions & trudgeth home to hys house: where comming in, olde Calena stumbles to see in what humor her sonne came home: frolick he was, and his cap on the one side, hee asked if supper were ready: his mother seeing his stomacke was good, thought there was some hope of her sons good fortune, and therefore sayd, there was a pudding in the pot that is almost enough: but sonne quoth shee what newes? what successe in thy loues? how doth Mirimida like thee? Ah mother qd. Mullidor, and he smiled, howe shoulde I be vsed, but as one that was wrapt in his mothers smocke when hee was borne. Can the sunne want heat, and the winter colde: or a proper man be denied his sutes? No mother, assoone as I began to circumglaze her with my Sophistry, and to fetch her about with two or three bables: from mine eyes I gaue her such a thump on the breast, that

ſhe would ſcarce ſay no: I told her my mind and ſo wrapt her in the prodigalitie of my wit that ſhee ſaid another time ſhould: but then we parted laughing, with ſuch a ſweet ſmile that made mee loſe in the haſt like a budgin dagger: ſhee gaue me this noſegay for a fauour, which how I eſteeme it geſſe you: thus haue I vſed her in kindneſſe, and ſhe vſed mee in curtiſie: and ſo I hope wee ſhall make a friendly concluſion. By my troth, quoth ſhee, and I hope no leſſe, for I tell you, when maides giue gifts, they meane wel, and a woman if ſhe laugh with a glauncing looke wiſheth it were neither to bee nor vndone: ſhe is thine my ſonne feare not, and with that ſhe layd the cloth and ſet victuals on ẏ boȝd, where Mullidor tried himſelfe ſo tall a trencher man, that his Mother perceiued by his drift he would not die for loue. Leauing this paſſionate lubber, to the conceit of his loues: let vs returne to the young courtier called Radagon, who trotting a ſoft pace vpon his courſer ſeing the ſunne now bright and then ouerſhadowed with clowdes, began to compare the ſtate of the weather fantaſtically to the humour of his *Mirimidas* fancies: ſaying when Phœbus was eclipſt with a vapour, then ſhe lowred: when he ſhewed his glory in his brightnes, then ſhe ſmiled. Thus hee dallied in an vncouth motion ſo long, that at laſt he beganne to feele a fire that fretted to the hart. Riding thus in a quandarie he entred into the conſideration of *Mirimidas* beautie, whereupon frolickly in an extempozate humoz he made this ſonnet.

Radagons Sonnet.

No cleere appeard vpon the azurd skie,
A vale of ſtormes had ſhadowed Phœbus face,
And in a ſable mantle of diſgrace,
Sate he that is ycleaped heauens bright eye,
As though that he,
Perplext for Clitia, meant to leaue his place,
And wrapt in ſorrowes did reſolue to die:
For death to louers woes is euer nie:
Thus folded in a hard and mournfull laze
Diſtreſt ſate hee.
A miſtie fogge had thickned all the ayre,
Iris ſate ſolemne and denied her ſhowres:

Flora

Neuer too late.

Flora in tawnie hid vp all her flowers
And would not diaper her meades with faire,
As though that ſhee
Were armd vpon the barren earth to lowre.
Vnto the founts Diana nild repaire,
But ſate as ouerſhadowed with diſpaire,
Solemne and ſad within a withered bower
Her Nymphs and ſhee.
Mars malecontent lay ficke on Venus knee,
Venus in dumps ſat muffled with a frowne,
Iuno layd all her frolicke humors downe,
And Ioue was all in dumps as well as ſhee,
Twas Fates decree.
For Neptune (as he meant the world to drowne)
Heau'd vp his ſurges to the higheſt tree,
And leagu'd with Eol, mard the Seamans glee,
Beating the Cedar, with his billowes downe,
Thus wroth was hee.
My miſtres deynes to ſhew her ſunne-bright face,
The ayre cleerd vp, the clowdes did fade away,
Phœbus was frolicke when ſhe did diſplay,
The gorgeous beauties that her front doe grace,
So that when ſhee
But walkt abrode, the ſtormes then fled away
Flora did checker all her treading place,
And Neptune calmde the ſurges with his mace,
Diana and her Nimphs were blithe and gay,
When her they ſee.
Venus and Mars agreed in a ſmile:
And iealous Iuno ceaſed now to lowre,
Ioue ſaw her face and ſighed in his bower
Iris and Eol laugh within awhile
To ſee this glee:
Ah borne was ſhe within a happy houre (ſmile
That makes heauen, earth, and Gods and all to
Such wonders can her beautious workes compile
To cleere the world from any froward lower,
Ah bleſt be ſhee.

When

When Radagon had framde his fancie, he began with sundry insæing thoughts to consider, that she was beautifull and of a base countrey breed, where vertue alsoone dwelleth as in high dignities: that her wit was sharpe, and Nature had done her part to make her euery way excellent, as well in exteriour perfection, as in inward qualities: though her fortunes were low, yet her desires were modest: and proud shee could not be, as being poore, to be preuish were bootlesse, in ý her hope did not aspire, her lookes bewraid she was no wanton: ȩ her blushing, that shee was bashfull: euery way shæ seemed vertuous, as she was beautifull.

The consideration of her excellencie so pierced the hart of Radagon, that from liking he fell to loue, from small prayses vnto great passions. Tush, quoth hee, though wedlocke be a thing so doubtfull ȩ dangerous to deale withall, as to seeke roses amongst thornes, Eeles amongst Scorpions, ȩ one pure potion amongst a thousand boxes of confection, yet nature doth establish it as necessary. Law as honest, and reason as profitable. Some Cynicke as Diogenes, wil thwart it with a dilemma and say ý for young men tis too soone, for olde men too late to marry: concluding so enigmatically, it were not good to marry at all: other will say as Arminius a ruler of Carthage sayde, who being importunately perswaded to marry, answered, no, sayd he, I dare not, for if I chaunce vpon one ý is wise, she wil be wilful, if welthy thē wanton, if poore then preuish, if beautifull then proud: if deformed thē loathsom: and the least of these is able to kill a thousand men. In deede I cannot deny but oft *sub melle latet venenum*, that vertue is like a box of Iuorie containing same baleful Aconiton, or to a faire shoe that wrings the foote: such loue as is layd vpon such a foundation is a short pleasure full of paine, ȩ an affection bought with a thousand miseries: but a woman that is faire ȩ vertuous maketh her husband a ioyfull man, and whether hee bee rich or poore, yet alwaies he may haue a ioyfull heart. A woman that is of a silent tongue, chamefast in countenance, sober in behauiour and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities, correspondent, is like a goodly pleasant flower deckt with the colours of al ý flowers of the garden: and such a one (quoth he) is *Myrimida*, and therefore though shee bee poore I will loue her and like her: and if shee will fancie me I wil make her my wife. And vp-

on

on this he resolued to prosecute his sute towards her, in so much that as sone as he came home and had rested him selfe a while, he slept to his standish and wrote her a letter.

Radagon was not more pained with this passionate malady then poore Eurymachus, who could take no rest, although euery day in her presence he fed his eye with the beauty of her face: but as the Hidapsis the more he drinks the more thirsty he is, so Eurymachus, the more he loked the more he loued, as hauing his eye deeply enamoured of the obiect, reueale any more his sute hee durst not, because when he began to chat of loue, she shakt him off, and either flung away in a rage, or els forst him to fall to other prattle: in so much that he determined to discourse his mind in a letter, which he performed as cunningly as he could, and sent it her. Mullidor that asse rapt out his reasons diuers times to Mirimida, vntil she was weary of the grosmes importunat foleries, and so with a sharpe word or two nipt him on the pate: whereupon asking his mothers counsaile, she perswaded him to write vnto Mirimida, although he and a pen were as fit as an asse and a harpe: yet he bought him paper, and stealing into the Churchyard vnder an Appletree, there in his Muses he framed a letter and sent her. Thus had Fortune (meaning to be merry) appointed in her secret synod that all these three should vse one meanes to possesse their loues, and brought it so to passe that the three letters from these three riuals were deliuered at one instant: which whē Mirimida saw, she sat her downe & laught, wondring at the rarenes of this chance that should in a moment bring such a conceite to passe: at last (for as then she was leading forth her sheepe) shee sate her downe, and loking on the superscription said to her selfe: what Adamants are faire faces that can draw both rich, poore, and foles to lodge in the labyrinth of their beauties: at this shee sighed, and the first letter she broke open, because he was her first Louer, was Eurymachus. The contents whereof were these.

Eurymachus the Sheepheard to Mirimida, the Goddesse of Thessaly.

WHen (Mirimida) I sit by thy sweete selfe, and wonder at thy present sight, feeding as the Bee vpon the wealth of thy beauties, the conceit of thine excellency driues me into an extasie,

that I came dum with ouer-much delight: for Nature ſets down this as an anthenticke principle.

Senſibile ſenſui ſuppoſitum nulla fit ſenſatio.

If the flower be put in the noſthril there is no ſmel: the colour clapt cloſe to the eye blemiſheth the ſight: ſo a Louer in preſence of his Miſtris hath the organs of his ſpeech tied, that he conceales with ſilence, and ſighs out his ſmothered paſſions with ſorrowes. Ah Mirimida, conſider that loue is ſuch a fire as either will burſt forth or burne the houſe: it is ſuch a ſtreame as will either haue his courſe, or breake through the banks and make a deluge, or els force their hart ſtrings crack with ſecrecie. Then Mirimida if I be lauiſh in my pen, blame me not that I am ſo laden with loue: if I be bold, attribute it to thy beauty, not my impudency, and think what I ouer dare in, it growes through the extreamity of loyall affection, which is ſo deeply imprinted in my thoughts, as neither time can diminiſh nor miſfortune blemiſh. I ayme not (Mirimida) at thy wealth, but at thy vertues: for the more I conſider thy perfection, the more I grow paſſionate, and in ſuch an humour, as if thou deny, there is no meanes to cure my malady, but the ſalue which healeth all incurable ſores, and that is death. Therfore (ſweet Mirimida) conſider of my loues and vſe me as my loyalty deſerues: let not my pouerty put in any barre, nor the baſenes of my birth be any excuſe of thy affection, weigh my deſires, not my degrees, and either ſend me a ſpeedy plaiſter to ſalue my diſpairing paſſions, or a corſiue to cut off my lingering ſorrowes, either thy fauours with life, or thy denial with death, betweene which I reſt in hope till I heare thine anſwer.

Thine, who can be no others but thine,
the Sheepheard Eurymachus.

To the end of this letter (for that he would runne deſcant vpon his wit) he ſet downe a Sonnet written in the forme of a Madrigale, thus.

Eurymachus in laudem Mirimidie
his Motto.

Innita fortuna dedi vota concordia.

When Flora proud in pompe of all her flowers
Sate bright and gay,

And

And gloried in the deaw of *Iris* ſhowers,
And did diſplay
Her mantle chequered all with gawdy greene
Then I
alone
A mournfull man in Ericine was ſeene.
With folded armes I trampled through the graſſe
Tracing as hee
That held the throane of Fortune brittle glaſſe,
And loue to bee
Like Fortune fleeting, as the reſtleſſe wind
Mixed
with miſts
Whoſe damp dooth make the cleareſt eyes grow blind.
Thus in a maze I ſpied a hideous flame,
I caſt my ſight
And ſaw where blithely bathing in the ſame
With great delight
A worme did lie, wrapt in a ſmoaky ſweat,
And yet
twas ſtrange
It careleſſe lay and ſhrunk not at the heat.
I ſtoode amaz'd and wondring at the ſight,
While that a dame
That ſhone like to the heauens rich ſparkling light,
Diſcourſt the ſame
And ſayd, my friend this worme within the fire
Which lies
content
Is Venus worme, and repreſents deſire.
A Salamander is this princely beaſt,
Deckt with a crowne
Giuen him by Cupid as a gorgeous creſt
Gainſt Fortunes frowne,
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
not forth
For why he cannot liue without the ſame.

As he, so Louers lies within the fire
Of feruent loue,
And shrinke not from the flame of hote desire,
Nor will not moue
From any heat that Venus force imparts:
But lie
Content
Within a fire and wast away their harts.
Vp flew the dame and vanisht in a cloud,
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
My loue: for why
I felt within my hart a scorching fire,
And yet
As did
The Salamander twas my whole desire.

Mirimida hauing read this Sonnet (the straight being of a pregnant wit) conceited the drift of this Madrigale, smiled and laid it by, and then next toke vp Radagons letter, which was written to this effect.

Radagon of Thessaly to the faire Shepherdize *Mirimida* health.

I Cannot tell (faire Mistris) whether I should praise Fortune as a friend, or curse her as a foe, hauing at vnawares presented me with the view of your perfection, which sight may be either the sum of my blisse, or the beginning of my bale: for in you rests the ballance either to weigh me downe my due with curtesie, or my deniall with extreame vnkindnes. Such as are prickt with the bones of the Dolphin heare musique, and they are presently healed of their malady: they which are enuenomed with the Viper, rub the sore with Rubarb and finde a remedy, and those which drink Aconiton are cured by Antidotes. But loue is like the sting of a Scorpion, it must be salued by affection: for neither charme, hearb, stone, nor mynerall hath vertue to cure it: which made Apollo exclaime this passion.

Hei mihi quod nullis Amor est medicabilis herbis.

With

With the same distresse (sweet Mirimida) am I pained, who lighting by chaunce as Paris did in the vale of Ida vpon Venus, but I feare me lesse courteous then Venus. I haue no golden apple (faire Nimph) to present thee with, to prooue thee superame of beauty: but the deuotion of my thoughts is offered humbly at thy feete, which shall euer confesse none so beautious as Mirimida. Then as Venus for reward gaue Paris Helena, so courteous Nimph, be prodigall of thy fauours and giue me thy hart, which shal be to me more deare then a hundred Helens.

But heere perhaps thou wilt obiect, that mens pleas are like Painters pensels, which draw no substance but shadowes, that to the worst proportions giue the richest colours, and to the coursest pictures the finest glasses, that what wee write is of course, and when we faine passions, then are we least passionate, hauing sorrowful pens when we haue secure harts, and lowring lokes when we haue laughing thoughts. I cannot deny (sweet Pistris) but that hot loues are like a barns blaze, and that men can promise more in a moment then they will performe in a moneth. I know there was a Demophon that deceiued Phillis, an Æneas that falsified his faith to Dido, a Theseus that forsoke his Ariadne: yet measure not all by some mens minds: of a few particuler instances, conclude not general axioms: though some haue beene fleeting, think not all to be false, try me, I refer your passions to my proofe, and as you finde me loyall so reward me with loue. I craue no authenticall grant, but a superficiall fauour: say (Mirimida) that Radagon shall be welcome if he be faithfull, and then my hope shall comfort my hart. In which suspence I rest confused at the barre of your curtesie.

Farewell.

Mirimidas Radagon, though she will not
be Radagons Mirimida.

This she read ouer twise and blusht at it, as feeling a little heat but straight she sighed and shake it from her hart, and had laid it by, but that turning ouer the next page she espied certaine verses, which was a Canzon pend thus.

Radagon in Dianam.

Non fuga Tucrus amat: que tulmen adit habet.

It was a valley gawdy greene,
Where Dian at the fount was seene,
Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of Dianas bowers,
In the pride of Floras flowers.
A fount it was that no Sunne sees,
Circled in with Cipres trees,
Set so nye
As Phœbus eye
Could not doe the virgin scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.
She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight,
Virgins so
Ought to go,
For white in Armory is plast,
To be the colour that is chast.
Her taffata Cassock might you see,
Tucked vp aboue her knee,
Which all did show
There below
Legs as white as whales bone,
So white and chast was neuer none.
Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sat her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie
Fie on Venus flattering eye.
Fie on loue it is a toy,
Cupid witlesse and a boy.
All her fires
And desires
Are plagues that God sent from a hie
To pester men with miserie.
As thus the Virgins did disdaine,
Louers ioy and Louers paine,

Cupid nie
Did espie
Greeuing at Dianas song
Slily stole these maides among.
His bow of steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweete desire,
Which straight flies
In theyr eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ranne from eye to hart.
Calisto straight supposed Ioue
Was faire and frolicke for to loue,
Dian shee
Scapt not free,
For well I wot heereupon
Shee loued the swayne Endymion.
Clitia Phœbus, and Cloris eye
Thought none so fayre as Mercurie:
Venus thus
Did discusse
By her sonne in darts of fire,
None so chast to checke desire.
Dian rose with all her maydes,
Blushing thus at loues braids
With sighs all
Shew theyr thrall
And flinging hence pronounce this saw,
What so strong as Loues sweet law?

Mirimida hauing reade the letter of Radagon, perceiued that loue was in his eyes, and perhaps had stilie touch't his hart, but she that was charie of her choice, and resolute not to fetter herselfe with fancie, did passe ouer these passions, as men doe the shadowes of a Painters pensell, which while they viewe they prayse, and when they haue praised, passe ouer without any more remembrance: yet shee could not but enter into the humorous reach of his conceite, howe he checkt the coy disdaine of women in his Sonnet, she blusht, and her thoughts went away with her

blud,

blod, and ſo ſhe lighted on the Letter that Mullidor had ſent her, which droue her into a pleaſant vaine. The effects of his paſſions were theſe.

Mullidor the male-content, with his pen clapt full of loue, to his Miſtres Mirimida greeting.

AFter my hartie commendations remembred, hoping you be in as good health as I was at the making hereof. This is to certifie you, that loue may well bee compared to a bottle of hay, which once ſet on fire will neuer be quenched, or to a cup full of ſtrong ale, which when a man hath once taſted, he neuer leaues till he hath drunke it all vp: ſo Miſtris Mirimida, after the furious flames of your eyes had ſette my poore hart on the coales of loue, I was ſo ſcorched on the grediron of affection, that I had no reſt till I was almoſt turned to a coale, and after I had taſted of the liquour of your ſweet phiſnomie, I neuer left ſupping of your amiable countenaunce, til with loue I am almoſt ready to burſt. Conſider with your ſelfe faire Shepheardize, that poore men feele paine aſwell as Princes: that Mullidor is ſick of ſuch a malladie as by no meanes can be cured, vnleſſe your ſelfe lay a feare-cloth to drawe away my ſorrowes: then bee pittifull to mee leaſt you be counted diſdainfull, to put ſo truſtie a louer out of his right wits, for there's no hoe but either I muſt haue you, or els for verie plaine loue run mad. It may be (*Mirimida*) you thinke mee too baſe for you beautie: why? when you haue married mee, I am content to ſerue you as a man, and to doo all thoſe indeuours that belongs to a ſeruant, and rather to hold you for my Miſtres then my wife. Then ſeeing you ſhal haue the ſoueraignty at my hands which is a thing that all women deſire, loue me ſweete Mirimida, and think this, if you match with mee, old Calena my mother hath that in a clowte that will doo vs both good. Thus hoping you will ponder my paſſions in your minde, and be more courteous then to caſt away a young man for loue. Farewell.

Yours halfe mad becauſe he would be yours, Mullidor the male-content.

Such a poeticall fury tooke Mullidor in the braines, that hee thought to shew his vaine in verse, and therefore annexed to his letter this pleasant Ditty.

Mullidors Madrigale.

Dildido, dildido,
Oh loue, oh loue,
I feele thy rage rumble below and aboue.

In sommer time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moy helas helas,
Like to a stoand horse was her pace:
Was euer young man so dismaid,
Her eyes like waxe torches did make me afraid
Trop belle pour moy aide mon trespas.

Thy beauty (my loue) exceedeth supposes,
Thy haire is a nettle for the nicest roses,
Mon dieu aide moy.
That I with the Primrose of my fresh wit,
May tumble her tiranny vnder my feete,
He donque ie sera vn iune roy.
Trop belle pour moy helas helas,
Trop belle pour moy voila mon trespas.

Mirimida hauing read this humorous fancy of Mullidor, began thus to meditate with her selfe. Listen not fond wench vnto loue, for if thou doest thou learnest to loose, thou shalt finde griefe to be thy gaines, and folly the paymistris that rewards all amorous trauels. If thou wed thy selfe to Radagon, thou aymest beyond thy reach: and looking higher then thy fortunes, thou wilt repent thy desires: for Mirimida affects beyond compasse, haue oft-times effects: rich roabes haue not euer sweet consent, and therfore the meane is the merriest honour. What then, must Eurymachus of all these three be the man that must make vp the match: hee is a shepheard and harbours quiet in his cottage, his wishes are not aboue his wealth, nor doth his conceite climbe higher than his

deſerts. He hath ſufficient to ſhowd thee from want, and to maintaine the ſtate of an honeſt life. Shepheards wrong not their wiues with ſuſpition, nor doe Country Swaines eſteeme leſſe of their loues than higher degrees. But Mirimida, meane men haue frownes as well as Kings: the leaſt haire hath his ſhadow, the Fly her ſpleene, the Ant her gal, and the pooreſt Peaſant his choler. Peaſants can weld a cudgell better then a great Lord, and diſſention wil haue a fling amongſt the meaneſt. If therfore mariage muſt haue her inconuenience, better golden gines then yron fetters. What ſayeſt thou then to Mullidor? that he is Mullidor, and let that ſuffice to ſhake him off for a fole: for it were thy diſcredit to haue only a Woodcock to kéepe the Wolfe from the doore. Why then, meaneſt thou not to loue? No fond-laſſe if thou be wiſe: for what is ſweéter then liberty? And what burthen heauier then the fift of a froward huſband. Amongſt many Scorpions thou ſoheſt for one Eele: amongſt a hedge full of nettles for one flower: amongſt a thouſand flatterers for one that is faythfull: and yet when thou haſt him thy thoughts are at his wil, and thy actions are limitted to his humours. Beware Mirimida, ſtrike not at a ſtale becauſe it is painted; though honey be ſweét Bees haue ſtings: there is no ſweéter life then is chaſtity, for in that eſtate thou ſhalt liue commended and vncontrold.

Vpon this ſhee put vp the letters, and becauſe ſhe would not leade her Louers into a Labyrinth of hope, ſhe appointed them all to méete her at the ſheepfolds on one day & at one houre, where the Woers that ſtode vpon thornes to heare their cenſure met without faile: After ſalutes paſt betweéne Mirimida and them, ſhe began to parly with them thus.

Gentlemen, all riuals in loue & aymer at one fortune, though you three affect like deſire to haue Mirimidas fauour, yet but one of you can weare the flower, & perhaps none, for it is as my fancie cenſures: therfore are you content that I ſhal ſet down which of you, or whether none of you ſhall enioy the end of your ſutes, and who ſo is forſaken, to part hence with patience, & neuer more to talke of his paſſions. To this they all agréed, & ſhe made this anſwer. Why then Radagon and Eurymachus weare you the willow Garland, not that I hold either your degrées or deſerts worthleſſe then a fairer than Mirimida: but that the deſcenies do

ſo

to appoint to my desires, that your affects cannot worke in me any effects. At this Radagon and Eurymachus frowned, not so much that they were forsaken, but that so beautifull a Creature would wed her selfe to such a deformed asse as Mullidor, and the sole he hampered it in hope to haue the wench. Now (quoth she) Mullidor may hope to be the man: but trust me as I found him I leane him, a dolt in his loues, and a fole in his fortunes. At this they laught, and he hung the head, and she left them all.

Radagon taking his Hawke to flie the Patridge: Eurymachus marching with his sharphoke to the folds: Mullidor hying home to his mother to recount his mishaps, and Mirimida singing that there was no Goddesse to Diana, no life to liberty, nor no loue to chastity.

Francesco, Isabel, and all the rest of the guests applauded this discourse of the pleasant host, and for that it was late in the night they all rose, and taking their leaue of Francesco departed, he and his wife bidding their Host good night, and so going to bed, where we leaue them to leade the rest of their liues in quiet.

Thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the discouery of youths follies, and a true discourse of a Gentlemans fortunes.

But now courteous Palmer (quoth the Gentleman) it rests that wee craue by your owne promise the reason of your pilgrimage to Venice. That (quoth the Palmer) is discourst in a word, for know sir that enioyning my selfe to penance for the follies of my youths passions hauing liued in loue, and therefore reapt all my losse by loue: hearing that of all the Citties in Europe, Venice hath most semblance of Venus vanities. I goe thither not only to see fashions, but to quip at follies, that I may draw others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard.

The Gentlewomen of Venice your neighbours, but vnknowne to mee, haue more fauours in their faces than vertue in their thoughts: & their beauties are more curious than their qualities be precious, caring more to be figured out with Helen, then to be famoused with Lucrece: they striue to make their faces gorgeous, but neuer seeke to fitte their mindes to their God, and couet to haue more knowledge in loue than in religion: their eyes bewray their wantonnes, not their modesty: and their lookes are lures that reclaime not Hawkes, but make them onely bate at

dead stales: As the Gentlewomen so are the men, lose liuers and straight louers, such as hold their conscience in their purses, and their thoughts in their eyes; counting that hower ill spent that in fancy is not mispent. Because therefore this great Citty of Venice is holden Loues Paradice, thither doe I direct my pilgrimage, that seeing their passions, I may being a Palmer, winne them to penance, by shewing the miseries that Venus mixeth with their momentary contents: if not, yet I shal carry home to my Countrymen salues to cure their sores: I shal see much, heare little, & by the insight into other mens extreames returne more wary, meaning then to visit you and make you priuy to all.

The heedfull Host hauing iudicially vnderstood the pittifull report of the Palmer, giuing truce to his passions with the teares he spent, and resolued to requite that thankfully which he had attended heedfully, gaue this Catastrophe to his sad and sorrowfull discourse. Palmer, thou hast with the Kitrell foreshewed the storme ere it comes, painting out the shapes of loue as liuely, as the grapes in Zeuxis Tables were pourtrayed cunningly: thou hast lent youth Eagle eyes to behold the Sunne: Achilles sword to cut and recure, leauing those medicines to salue others, that hath lost thy selfe, and hauing burnt thy wings with the flye by dallying too long with the fire: thou hast bequeathed others a lesson with the Vnicorne; to preuent poyson by preserues, before thou tast with the lip. The only request I make in requital of my attention, is, that thou leaue certaine testimonies on these wals, whereon whensoeuer I looke, I shall remember Francescoes follies and thy foresight.

The Palmer esteeming the courteous reply of his Host, and desirous to satisfie his request, drawing blood from the vaine Cephalia, (on an arch of white Iuory erected at the end of an Arbour, adorned with Honysuckles and Roses) hee wrote thus with a pencell.

In greener yeares when as my greedy thoughts,
Gan yeeld their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit that then preuailed noughts
Perforce presented homage to his ill.
And I in follies bonds fulfild with crime,
At last vnloosde: thus spide my losse of time.

As

As in his circuler and ceaſeleſſe ray
The yeare begins, and in it ſelfe returnes,
Refreſht by preſence of the eye of day,
That ſometimes nie and ſometimes far ſoiournes,
So loue in me (conſpiring my decay)
With endleſſe fire my heedleſſe boſome burnes,
And from the end of my aſpiring ſinne,
My paths of error hourely dooth begin.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sunne renewes his beames,
Beholding mournfull earth araid in greeſe,
That waites releeſe from his refreſhing gleames,
The tender flocks reioycing their releeſe,
Doe leape for ioy and lap the ſiluer ſtreames.
So at my prime when youth in me was cheeſe,
All Heifer like with wanton horne I playd,
And by my will my wit to loue betrayd.

Taurus.

When Phœbus with Europas bearer bides,
The ſpring appeares, impatient of delayes
The labourer to the fields his plough-ſwaynes guides,
He ſowes, he plants, he builds at all aſſayes,
When prime of yeares that many errors hides,
By fancies force did trace vngodly wayes,
I blindfold walkt diſdayning to behold,
That life doth vade, and young men muſt be old.

Gemini.

When in the hold whereas the twines doo reſt,
Proud Phlægon breathing fire doth laſt a maine:
The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is dreſt,
When I in pride of yeares with peeuiſh braine
Preſumd too far and made fond loue my gueſt,
With froſts of care of my flowers were nipt amaine
In height of weale who beares a careleſſe hart,
Repents too late his ouer fooliſh part.

Cancer.

When in Æſtiuall *Cancers* gloomy bower
The greater glory of the heauens doth ſhine,
The ayre is calme, the birds at euery ſtowre,
To tempt the heauens with harmony diuine,
vvhen I was firſt inthrall'd to *Cupids* powre,
In vaine I ſpent the May-moneth of my time
Singing for ioy to ſee my captiue thrall
To him whoſe gaines are greeſe, whoſe comfort ſmall.

Leo.

When in the height of his Miridian walke
The Lyons hold conteines the eye of day
The ryping corne growes yellow in the ſtalke,
vvhen ſtrength of yeares did bleſſe me euery way
Maskt with delights of folly was my talke,
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay,
In luſt I ſowd, my fruite was loſſe of time:
My hopes were proud, and yet my body ſlime.

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort ſteepes,
Bating the fury of his burning eyes,
Both corne and fruites are firmd and comfort creepes
On euery plant and flowre that ſpringing riſe
vvhen age at laſt his chiefe dominion keepes,
And leades me on to ſee my vanities.
What loue and ſcant foreſight did make me ſowe,
In youthfull yeares, is ripened now in woe.

Libra.

VVhen in the ballance *Daphnes* Leman blins,
The Ploughman gathereth fruite for paſſed paine,
vvhen I at laſt conſidered of my ſinnes,
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine:
I caſt my count, and reaſon now begins
To guide mine eyes with iudgment, bought with paine:

VVhen

VVhich weeping wish a better way to sin.
Or els for euer to the world be blind.

Scorpio.

When with the Scorpion proude *Apollo* playes,
The vvines are trode and carried to their presse
The woods are feld gainst winters sharpe affaires
When grauer yeeres my iudgement did adresse,
I gan repayre my ruines and decayes:
Exchanging will to wit and soothfastnes,
Claiming from Time and Age no good but this,
To see my sinne, and sorrow for my misse.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his vvinter holde
The *Dithor* Harper tunes his wonted loue,
The Ploughman sowes and tills his laboured mold,
When with aduise and iudgement *I* approue,
How loue in youth hath griefe for gladnes solde,
The seedes of shame *I* from my hart remoue
And in their steades *I* set downe plants of grace,
And with repent bewaild my youthfull race.

Capricornus.

When he that in *Eurotas* siluer glide
Doth baine his tresse, beholdeth *Capricorne*,
The dayes growes short, then hasts the winters tide,
The Sun with sparing lights doth seeme to mourne,
Gray is the greene, the flowers their beautie hide:
When as *I* see that *I* to death was borne,
My strength decayde, my graue already dresst,
I count my life my losse, my death my best.

Aquarius.

When with *Aquarius* Phœbes brother staies,
Cold frost and snow the pride of earth betrayes:
When age my head with hoarie haires doth fill,
Reason sits downe, and bids me count my dayes,

And

and pray for peace, and blame my froward will;
In depth of griefe in this distresse I cry,
Peccaui Domine miserere mei.

Pisces.

When in the Fishes mansion *Phœbus* dwels,
The dayes renew, the earth regaines his rest,
When old in yeeres, my want my death foretels,
My thoughts & prayers to heauen are whole adrest,
Repentance youth by follie quite expels.
I long to be dissolued for my best:
That young in zeale, long beaten with my rod,
I may grow old to wisedome and to God.

The Palmer had no sooner finished his circle, but the Host ouer-read his conceit, and wondring at the excellencie of his wit, from his experience began to suck much wisedom, and being verie loath to detaine his guest to long: after they had broken theyr fast and the good man of the house courteouslie had giuen him thanks for his fauour, the Palmer set forward towards *Venice*: what there he did, or how hee liued, when I am aduertised (good Gentlemen) I will send you tydings. Meane while, let euerie one learne (by Francescos fall) to beware, least at last (too late) they be enforced to bewaile.

FINIS.